

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The Marron-Youmans, slander suit at the York assizes was another of those cases at law which should have been conducted in secret, with doors closed alike against the press and the public. All that the people at large required to know about that case was the verdict. A vulgar and an unclean curiosity prompted nearly all the interest manifested in this trial as it progressed, and no one can claim that the indulgence of vulgar and unclean curiosity does not produce speedy evil. Slanderous things may have been said of the complainant in the first instance, but for one person who heard the fatal talk against the woman's purity a thousand are now acquainted with the story through the newspapers. The paper-reading public could not escape the evidence, served up as the delicacy of most of the morning and evening sheets. No verdict of the court in such a case can overtake and destroy the widely circulated accusations, and under our present system no slandered person can ever free himself or herself by going to law. The lawyers are allowed to insinuate so much; the newspapers are permitted to give scare heads and prominence to the sensational evidence that seems to prove a person guilty of what he or she is accused of, and are allowed to ignore or condense into a small corner the dry but conclusive evidence that proves the innocence of the accused, and, finally, so many findings of the courts are ascribed to technicalities of law that it is impossible for a slandered person to rehabilitate his or her good name by an action for defamation of character. It is possible to get damages; that is, a good woman whose name has been dirtied by malicious tongues may call her accusers into court and perhaps get an award of five thousand dollars damages against them. But she does not recover her good name. On the contrary, the court finishes the work of defamation as no other agency could. It does so in this way. (1) The lawyer defending the gossip will seek to discredit the plaintiff by insinuating all sorts of evil things against her in his cross-examination; (2) the newspapers, under pretext of reporting legal proceedings, will publish the slander freely as they dared not do before the case went to trial, as thereby they would have been exposed to actions for damages; (3) even though the plaintiff is accorded damages, that is not taken to mean that she is innocent in respect to the slanders said of her, but merely that her accusers failed to conclusively establish her guilt, or, perhaps, that the stories, true or false, were adjudged hurtful to her. Thus the case comes back to the court of public opinion, where it began, with this difference, that the name of the injured woman instead of being merely a by-word in a small community becomes bandied about among the low-minded throughout the entire country.

It seems that there is no woman in the land so high and so good that malice cannot bring her name into disrepute. The lie against woman is the bitter, undying lie, that once uttered can never be unsaid. No social endeavor can stop it from passing current in odd corners at least, and an action at law only serves to disseminate the slander over the widest possible field. Though the slanderer be imprisoned, his lie is still at large; though he be mulcted in heavy damages, that is held to mean only that he failed to prove what he claimed to be true. No woman is therefore safe except the one who is too obscure or too gentle to arouse malice. Can justice offer nothing better than it does? It seems clear that a great deal more could and should be done. The law when appealed to for shelter and protection by a woman who claims that her name has been whispered away, should not take up the whisper and roar it forth in thunder all over the land. This is what it does now in protecting the press in its practice of giving sensational reports of slander suits. It frees newspapers from consequences in publishing the story as told by the slanderer. Instead of affording this protection it should specifically forbid the publication of the story in any shape, leaving the press not only answerable to the injured party, but making any such publication a contempt of court. This would seem to be the proper course if the reputation of men and women is of any concern to the state and entitled to any protection or consideration. The lesser evil of holding the court doors open during the hearing of such a case so that the vulgar and the lascivious may gather there to feast brain and eye upon the scandal and its participants, is sufficiently an evil to require discontinuance. A sensitive woman would hide her face and die rather than subject herself to such low scrutiny and public humiliation in an attempt to free her name from reproach. Any woman who would face the several terrors that now confront her who seeks legal reparation, admits at the outset that she has at least enough courage to be a social and moral sinner should she choose. As good women have not the effrontery of bad ones, it follows that those who sustain the most woeful wrongs and suffer the deepest pangs because of malice and slander, shrink from attempting to get justice. It should be the purpose of the courts to not only impose a penalty upon the corner of a dangerous lie, but they should endeavor to smother the lie for the sake of the damaged party and for the common good of society. And the first step to be taken is to bar out the press and the public from court proceedings in which scandals are involved, and to forbid the publication of particulars in such cases. If newspaper men

could forego the profit they derive from catering to immoral tastes they would strongly advocate this as a great judicial and social reform. But the press will fight as hard to retain license as it once fought to gain liberty. No class or profession may safely be trusted to define its own rights.

One of the side-interests of the suit above mentioned was the appearance in the witness box of Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd and the thorough exposure of her past career. The particulars of her "gamey" past life have been pretty well set forth in newspapers of late, and the severe cross-examination of Lawyer Johnston was scarcely needed to cast her into discredit. She admitted having stolen money for which she served six months in jail, but said that she committed this offence to save her child from starving. Let us accept the excuse and forgive her. However, she also admits a grave mischance in early life; confesses to having adopted various names that did not belong to her; says that in marrying the man whose name she now bears she did so not then knowing that her previous husband was alive; concedes that she was arrested, tried and acquitted

than its unquestioning welcome and applause of each new traducer of the Church of Rome.

Apropos of this reference to Mr. Stead, a subscriber in Picton sends in a remark made by a friend of his. They were discussing that remarkable book *If Christ Came to Chicago*, when the friend remarked that "If Christ came to Mr. Stead there would be consternation in hell." Our correspondent inclines to the same view. There are certainly a great many people who do not at all concur in Mr. Stead's strong language and the avalanche-like way in which he attacks everything that he does not admire. A great many consider that his work is injurious rather than good. In fact, if so many sincere men did not vouch for his intense earnestness, we might reasonably regard the man as having embarked on his crusade of social and religious reform simply for self-advertisement. The way he does advertise himself makes this a natural conclusion. But his sincerity is well vouched for. He aims at re-creating the social and religious world. That he gives offence he regards as proving the efficacy of the work he is doing. Some of the most impassioned reformers have been un-

This is mentioned to show how common it is in the city for a man to lose all the bearings in such matters. He doesn't know where to go or what to do. Two men may live across the street from each other for years without either ever bothering to find out the name or occupation of the other. The new law ignores the intense pre-occupation that marks city life. The men who will neglect to register will be the busy men who are not bothering about politics, who are not hidebound, but who vote as they see fit. The independent men, the saving remnant, who when the elections are on are distracted for a moment from their occupations and go to the polls to vote for a good man or a good cause, these are the men whom the new plan will shut out. The boys will not get left, not one of them. The young men who at sixteen reach the voting age and at twenty-one are taking oaths and making ballots in every polling-booth in the city, these gentlemen will all register and thus, when the conscience of the country is appealed to they will respond for the conscience of the country. The young gentleman who now goes through the cemeteries with a voters' list in his hand, bent upon helping the helpless, this

some men derive from the whole system of civilized government. Every other privilege and pleasure is paid for when secured, so that the right to vote and in some measure shape events is the only return derived from all their payments of taxes, submission to laws, respect of customs, all the embarrassments and interferences to which they subject themselves for the good of society. Starting with your life and continuing through the list of interests which you possess, it will be seen that submission to governments yields you no real return. If you are murdered, someone supposed to be your slayer is hanged. That does not benefit you. The state that failed to keep your life secure does not pension your heirs. If you are robbed of all your money, the state which has been collecting taxes from you does not reimburse you. It imprisons your despoiler, but what good does that do you? Civilization, with all its exactions from you, failed to make your property secure and declines to indemnify you. Suppose you enjoy no office or tariff advantage, what real return do you get for all the real and sentimental submission you are called upon to make? The state shirks every penalty in its contract with the individual. And now it throws back upon you the responsibility of securing the right to vote, the one shining bauble with which it has been wont to mollify you. When any department of the state desires to impose a fine or a tax on John Doe or Richard Roe, it succeeds in locating the right man. You did not need to clamor on the streets and hunt anxiously for officers of registration in order to be allowed to pay income tax. Somehow you became rated, and your bill reached you, and you had to pay. No citizen is allowed to neglect his duties to the state, and the small duties which the state admits that it owes in return should not be neglected either. Every decent man should be equipped with the right to vote and fortified in that right. This new scheme shows how experimental and changeable are public and legislative opinion. Not long ago the whole country was in a white heat over the question of compulsory voting. It seemed for a time as though that wrong principle would be adopted, but now the other extreme has been reached and each man must come forward personally and look after his right to vote, and should he forget, neglect, or not know about this, he will not be permitted to vote on polling day when he presents himself at the poll. It is a most difficult thing to arrange the voting rights of the people, but one thing is clear, that a great injustice is done the people in the having of three distinct lists for municipal, provincial and federal elections. The Dominion Government originated this expensive and unjustifiable system, but it is a natural product of party politics. There should be but one list and the preparation of it should revert to the municipalities where it belongs.

The Patrons have scored one point at least that their candidates will be able to use on the hustings as going to show the need for such an organization as theirs. This is Mr. Hardy's decision to continue the mining royalties, a decision which he seems to have reached in response to the angry and able expostulations of the *Farmers' Sun* and Patron deputations. This victory will inspire every soldier in the campaign. Mr. Hardy was probably wise in withdrawing his bill and re-imposing royalties upon mining lands. But he has at least placed the Government on record as admitting that something should be done for the mining industry in Ontario. If the present Government survives the elections, that admission will likely be called to its recollection by Mr. Connors on behalf of the miners. To forfeit all interest in the mining lands and to allow those lands, some of them no doubt fabulously rich in minerals, to pass out of the public domain at the low price which they would bring at present, would no doubt be a poor piece of business. But is Ontario to go on forever hoarding up its mineral and timber lands for the benefit of posterity? One is tempted to cry out with Sir Boyle Roche, "What has posterity ever done for us?" So far as this generation is concerned it would be better to sell those lands outright if thereby the mines would be operated, capital imported, smelting works kept busy and labor employed. If the Crown lands are to remain an undiminished asset, why do we sigh for increased population? Every new township surveyed reduces the extent of the public domain, but the country grows richer as it loses its land. If the imposition of royalties prevents the opening up of mines, the province retains its asset but derives no revenue from it. If the removal of royalties would cause the operation of mines, the indirect revenues that would accrue from the attracted capital and the new industries would be far greater in our generation than the royalties could amount to.

The proper move seems to be for Mr. Hardy, without relinquishing the public interest in the mineral wealth of the province, to devise some system of temporary encouragement that will set the mining industry a-going, so that the people of the present generation will get some benefit from all that dormant wealth without defrauding the next generation of everything, if indeed the taking up of minerals by one generation of men does defraud the next. It is not clear that there is any fraud about it. The present generation in Ontario seems to have shown the first trace of conscience in such a matter as this, to be found in the whole history of man. And posterity will not respect us for our conscience they will accuse us of having had no energy and



MAMMA'S MESSENGER.

on a criminal charge during the period when she was using fictitious names, and that her then husband was sent to prison on some charge or other. Is it possible that the heroine of so many tragedies is an innocent little spring lamb? She calls these things "sorrows in her past life." Well, a person with so many "sorrows" should hunt out a quiet little spot where new griefs cannot molest her and there mourn over her sad succession of yesterdays. For a person with so hapless a record to begin a crusade against an ancient religion is singularly unwise. To suppose that a woman of so many "sorrows" could permanently find co-operation and assistance in Protestantism, which, however ready to believe evil of Roman Catholicism, has still a conscience of the most sensitive kind, was a mistake she should never have made. David, being a shedder of blood, was denied the honor of raising the great temple. A woman who, if at all absent-minded, must even yet require to occasionally look in her note-book to see what name she is wearing, is scarcely the one to be entrusted with the task of reforming the world's morals if they stand in need of reformation. She exposes herself to the suspicion of having embarked upon her crusade after finding out, during her business engagement with Mr. Stead, that the revealing of real or imaginary immoralities is a paying occupation. Prejudice is the weakness of every creed, as of every person, and Protestantism has no exception that brings it into more frequent shame

balanced in mind, and their work when completed has been injurious in result. It may be so with Stead. He is stirring up evil and good forces in a daring way, but if we believe in the final supremacy of good over evil we have a right to expect that such a creator of turmoil will leave the world a little better than he found it.

One point that may be raised against this plan of requiring voters to personally register their names, is that it will certainly result in leaving a great number of men without the franchise, especially in a large city like Toronto. In a village or small town the scheme will work admirably, for every man who wants a vote will know all that is going forward and will register his name. But in a large city it is different. In the past, although the lists have always been printed for months ahead of time and posted up in conspicuous places as provided for by statute—I was going to say as provided for by the Ditches and Watercourses Act, for there is something township-like about posting copies in the postoffice, clerk's office and on the doors of schoolhouses, places in a city never seen by the citizens—yet it is true that intelligent men who never happened to have gained any experience in such matters, have tried in vain to find out whether they had been placed on the voters' lists. They have made enquiries to no purpose among business acquaintances, and only settled the doubt on polling day by asking for a ballot.

young Samaritan will know where to go to register his name. But some of the best men in the city, belonging to the large middle class which, on the one hand, does not sell its votes at so much apiece, or, on the other, does not look to gaining office in politics, many of these men will be left voteless. The men whose votes can be bought or influenced will all be rounded up and made to register in the same way that they are always herded to the polls, but the independent man will be left alone by the cattle drovers of the two parties.

Yet that man is the best man in the community. It is his vote that means something. Of all the votes polled in the country at an election all are meaningless but those cast by the independent men who judge situations, men and measures as they present themselves, and who did not in boyhood sign away all intelligence to an organization to which they allied themselves. The solid citizen, intent upon his own business, coveting no office, working for no advantage to his friends, will be the man who will neglect to register. The ignorant man, incompetent of voting, "unable to appreciate the privilege of the franchise," will not neglect to register, because the heelers who herd these men to the polls will look after their cattle at the registration period.

Why should the state shoulder one of its own responsibilities back upon the individual? The right to vote is about the only benefit



will wonder how such hustling, wide-awake sons could be born to such old-foggy fathers. Let the Ontario Government offer a bonus for the production of ore; let us leave our descendants mills, factories, foundries and rich cities and verdant farms, rather than a virgin wilderness of timber and minerals. MACK.

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. Baines is also joining the stream of travelers to England, which really includes people one knows from every corner of the city.

Mrs. Villiers Sankey gave a very pretty tea on Tuesday afternoon to a number of intimate friends in honor of her sister, Mrs. Montzambert of Ottawa, who is on a visit with Mrs. Sankey at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grantham have removed to their new home in Norway or thereabouts. It will be remembered that Mr. Grantham some time ago purchased the Walter Darling property in that precinct and will reside there for the future.

Mrs. J. W. Scott of Listowel, who has been visiting Mrs. (Dr.) Tweedie of Simpson avenue, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ball of Sherburne street is visiting Mrs. A. M. Moore in Washington, D.C.

Toronto homes are looking very pretty this week. The stately mansions on the Hill are set in green lawns, dotted with clusters of hyacinths and tulips, and the air is sweet with the scent of flowering shrubs and resinous buds.

Miss Hillary's Choral Club gave a very high-class and interesting concert on Tuesday evening at Association Hall, which was distinctly a social event as well as a musical one. It always happens that society turns out well for the Choral Club concerts, and Tuesday evening was no exception to the rule. The house was filled to the doors with a nice audience, amongst whom were many well known people. The ladies of the club were uniformly gowned in white, ranging from the simplest muslin gown, with high neck and long sleeves, to the most fetching ball toilette of lustrous silk and dainty lace. Pretty Mrs. Crowley sang sweetly in spite of a wretched cold, and her duet with Miss Hillary was a delightful *marceau*. Floral tributes were showered upon the ladies. Mrs. Blight, the accompanist and organ soloist, and Miss Hillary wore black lace and silk. The stage was prettily encircled with palms and pink flowers. The shades were rose pink, and the beautiful white enameled piano was draped with a fringed pink cover, making a completely harmonious scheme of color.

Mrs. W. B. Hamilton of Collingwood, who has been on a visit to Toronto, has returned home.

Dr. Walter Coulthard of Avenue road was one of the successful students in last week's medical exams.

On Tuesday week Mr. Arthur Boddy's new play, *Act Well Your Part*, will be presented at Dwyer's Court Hall by the following excellent cast: Mrs. Marion Chadwick as Mrs. Van Milyon; Mrs. Adelaide Wadsworth as Ethel Morton; Mr. Arthur W. Sweetman as Courtney Thorne; Mr. A. B. Pottenger as Rev. Nathaniel MacKaighlye; Mr. P. H. Ritchie as Cavalier Collateral; Mr. G. R. Severy as Lord Stanley Marriegold; and Mr. J. E. Hughes as porter and footman. The play is in two acts, and the scenes are laid in Mrs. Van Milyon's drawing-room in London, and the Complete Angler's Hotel. The management append a note to their programme requesting the audience to be on hand promptly for the opening scene, quite a necessary request, as owing to late arrivals and confusion of seating it is sometimes nearly nine o'clock before these amateur plays can be begun.

Mr. Philip Palin has gone to Montreal to enter the office of a leading architect of that city.

The Victoria Dramatic Club will give one of their delightful entertainments in St. Luke's school-house on Tuesday, May 8, at eight o'clock, under the auspices of the Young People's Association; proceeds in aid of the school-house fund. A farce in one act, by Mr. A. G. B. Scott, entitled, *Which I will be given*. Among those taking part will be: Miss Leslie Preston, Miss A. Hutchings, Messrs. Claude Norrie, Lyons Foster, E. S. Reid and Wiloughby Norrie. They will be assisted by Miss May Meadows and Mr. Rex Stovel in *They're Smith's comedietta*, *A Happy Pair*.

A very quiet wedding took place at Carlton street Methodist church on Monday afternoon at half past two o'clock, when Mr. Francis John Scott and Miss Kathleen Mootie were married. Mr. Scott, who was for some time station master at Mimico, and has since removed to Drumbay, has many friends hereabouts, and Miss Mootie, who is a sister of Mrs. Gervaise Graham, is known to many Toronto people, who will hear of her marriage with interest. Miss Mootie was accompanied by Miss Mattie High as bridesmaid, while Mr. Gormally, nephew of Mr. Gormally the Grand Trunk Station Master, acted as best man. The bride was elegantly and daintily gowned in a pale gray and white checked cloth suit, with white vest and trimmings of silver braid. A large chip picture hat with gray and white tips completed her costume. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Scott took the afternoon train for the Pacific Coast, where they will spend the honeymoon, visiting the fair at San Francisco and other places of interest.

The Woman's Art Club are at home this afternoon in the studio, 39 Canada Life Building, from three to five o'clock.

The sergeant-major and sergeants of the Royal Grenadiers give their ninth annual dinner at Webb's on Friday evening next.

Dr. John Matheson, the newly appointed superintendent of the Brandon Asylum and one of this year's graduates of Trinity Medical College, has left for Scotland to make a tour of



The Grand Duke of Hesse.



Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg.

### THE ROYAL WEDDING.

the leading hospitals and insane asylums of the continent after writing for his degree at the University of Edinburgh.

The marriage of the Princess Victoria Melita and the Grand Duke of Hesse, the grandchildren of Queen Victoria, has been the talk of the English and continental society papers during the past month. The recent removal to Coburg of the bride's parents has placed the scene of the nuptials out of England, but Royalty journeyed thither to bless the bonnie bride, who is the most distinguished in social position of all the Queen's granddaughters, having become a reigning grand duchess on her marriage. In the dearth of society news at home, my readers may enjoy an account of her bridal festivities. The bridal gown was of thick, rich corded silk, with pearl embroidery in large medallions, with sprays branching outward on the front of the skirt and round the hem. Above this line of embroidery (in a pattern of sprays of orange blossom and true-lovers' knots) was a trail of orange blossoms. The pearl embroidery appeared on the low bodice also, and there was a frilled collar of net similarly worked, and epaulettes to match, while net frills, with pearl edging, finished the sleeves. A veil of rare old point lace and a wreath of orange blossoms completed the toilette. The gown worn by the bride's mother, who is the sister of the Czar, and as haughty a little lady as ever wore the purple, was of cyclamen colored *mirior* velvet, deliciously embroidered, and was worn with a magnificent *parure* of diamonds. After the wedding breakfast the bride donned a charming dress of camel cloth, shot in blueish gray and white, embroidered on the skirt in a fine tapestry design of rose sprays and foliage in antique coloring. It has a bodice of shot silk and silk rosettes at the waist and collar, with revers of the embroidery, cut in little squares to show each one a rose spray, and stitched round the edges with blue silk. A pelerine to match is to be worn on the shoulders; it has long embroidered ends lined with gray blue satin, and a high collar, embroidered with rose sprays and having many rows of Tom Thumb silk fringe, forming a yoke round the neck. The head-gear is a dainty little toque of a new kind of straw, to match the color of the costume, and trimmed with *poudre* roses, which harmonize perfectly with those in the embroidery, altogether the most charming "going away" toilette imaginable!

On Wednesday afternoon at half past five St. John's church, Portland street, was the scene of a very smart wedding. The church was half filled with invited guests, and the space not shut off by the white ribbons was thronged with an interested crowd of spectators. The bridegroom was Mr. Hugh McLean and the bride Miss Bessie Dyas, eldest daughter of Mr. T. W. Dyas. Miss Dyas wore a bridal gown of cream white *faille*, simply made, and the orthodox veil of tulle, with myrtle and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Nellie Dyas, who wore a pretty dress of pink *mousseline de soie*, with large hat trimmed with pink roses, and Miss Muldrow, in pale green *mousseline* and hat to correspond. The maids' bouquets were also of roses. The bridal gown was completed by a wee maid in white muslin and a small cavalier, the little sister and brother of the bride. The best man was Mr. J. B. McLean, brother of the bridegroom, and the duties of ushers were undertaken by four of the fellow officers of the bridegroom's regiment, Mr. McLean being a lieutenant in the 48th Highlanders. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Mr. Williams, the guests attended a reception at the home of the bride's parents and offered congratulations to the *nouveaux mariés*. A large number of friends were present at this function and some remained until the bridal pair left for New York at half past eight. A buffet was elegantly supplied with dainties and an orchestra of mandolins and guitars played softly in the hall during the reception. The wedding gifts were displayed in a room set apart upstairs, which was filled with exquisite and costly tokens of the esteem and affection in which the young couple are held. The officers of the 48th sent an address and a handsome onyx clock with an inscription and the crest of the regiment. Some lovely Doulton and Limoges and all manner of pretty things were there in silver, crystal and dainty fancy work. I particularly remarked a beautifully embroidered cushion, the work of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. E. A. Taylor, and a perfect piece of needle work. Several handsome paintings and a magnificent case of cutlery and table silver were very much admired. Among the guests were: Colonel and Mrs.

Davidson, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Captain Robertson, Mr. McLean of Pennyross, Mrs. and Miss May, Mr. and Mrs. Meharg, Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Scales, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Taylor of Fiorsheim, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose, Mr. Strowger, Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher.

The Harmony Club's success is, by the time this column is read, assured in a very high degree. On Thursday the Academy held a bright audience of well pleased people, who laughed and applauded to the echo. Miss Jardine-Thomson outdid herself and was charming and piquant to a degree. Miss Lill Kleiser looked and sang and acted in a most attractive and lovely way. Miss Beach was a picture in her squire's garb. Miss Howard and her drum corps were as pretty as could be wished. In fact, many a spectator remarked the extreme good looks of the young ladies, who were as personable a lot of peasants and court dames as one could ask to see. Among the audience on opening night were: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald of Winnipeg and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, who occupied a box with the president of the Harmony Club, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Jones and the Misses Jones, Mr. Bickford, Mr. Bunting and Mr. Don Armour, Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mr. C. H. and the Misses Gooderham and Mrs. George Danstan. The pretty opera was staged and costumed very well, and a feature of this performance is that everyone engaged in it belongs to Toronto, even the stage manager, Mr. Fahey, having been not very long ago a resident of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald of Winnipeg are in the city and are domiciled at the Queen's.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland is in Memphis, Tenn., attending the General Conference of the M. E. church in the South. The doctor represents the Canadian conference.

Dr. W. F. Chappell of New York was the guest of his parents this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wright have returned from a pleasant honeymoon trip to Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dyas leave the city immediately for their summer residence, Pine Lodge, Center Island, where they will be pleased to receive their friends on Thursdays during the Island season.

An essentially cultured and esoteric audience assembled on Saturday afternoon of last week in one of the handsome homes on Jarvis street to listen to a very charming paper on Fiction read to them by Mr. Sandford Evans of Hamilton. The subject was treated with philosophical breadth of thought and exquisite literary taste, showing the marvelous power of the novel where it is a faithful representation of all that goes to make up the true life of man. The essay from beginning to end literally glowed with rarest gems of thought, indicating at every point the erudition and intellectual energy of the essayist. Mr. Evans by the brilliancy of his style, as well as by the force of his logic, captured golden opinions from those assembled, all concurring in the statement that such an essay was a marvelous production for one so young. Mr. Evans has a great future before him and his talent will undoubtedly give him a distinguished place in American literature. To listen to Mr. Evans is a pleasure anyone may court.

Mrs. W. A. Sampson and family of 237 Niagara street have removed to 526 Bathurst street.

Miss Lydia Von Finklestein has returned to Toronto and will lecture on Thursday evening at the Church of the Ascension.

Toronto has to mourn the loss of one of her most charming daughters, since Miss Laura Boulton has become Mrs. Browne and has gone to the North-West with her husband, Captain Gilpin Browne, who some time ago received an appointment in the N. W. Mounted Police. Captain and Mrs. Browne will reside in Calgary, where the captain's detachment is at present stationed. The wedding took place at St. George's church on Thursday afternoon and was quite a private ceremony, only the family circle being present.

A very intellectual little society, or ladies' club, has just closed its weekly sessions for the season. The meetings have been held at the houses of the members, and some outsiders have occasionally had the pleasure and profit of a visit between five and six, when the club was in session. The winter's study has been largely occupied with literary crazes, taking up in turn the popular authors of the day and

their works. The society was above all things up to date, and afforded its members an amount of culture and impulse of thought most useful and delightful. The club closed its season with the lecture elsewhere alluded to, given by Mr. Sanford of Hamilton. Some of the members were: Mrs. Fitch, Mrs. A. R. Clarke, Mrs. J. V. Smith and Misses Gurney, Katie Mason, Bertha Mason, Burns, Withrow, Fitch, Crawford, Higginbotham, Roseburgh, Patterson and Clarke.

A very successful little entertainment was given by the little maids of Rosedale in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital recently, which was very well patronized by their grown up friends. Mrs. Kirk kindly gave the use of her spacious drawing-rooms for the afternoon and evening, and Miss Mabel Kirk and Miss Carrie Fisher spared no trouble in training the children who took part in the affair. The little maids were: Misses Brenda Kirk, Janet Fuller, Jessie Flett, Belle Chapman and Gracie Massey.

Miss Blackburn of London and Mademoiselle Vanderbroeck are the guests of Mrs. Case of Spadina road.

Mr. and Mrs. Myles will occupy Mr. W. B. McMurrich's summer residence in Muskoka during the season.

The Military Tournament on May 17, 18 and 19, the Ontario Jockey Club Race Meet and the opening of the Massey Music Hall are three big events which will interest society in this merry month of May.

Mr. and Mrs. David Walker are expected home on the twenty-third of this month.

Mrs. Totten has been away for a short visit.

Miss McArthur of St. George street gave a tea on Saturday last.

A lovely children's party was given by Mrs. E. B. Osler of Craigleigh for her little daughter this week. Needless to chronicle the happy afternoon spent under the kind direction of such a hostess and in the beautiful precincts of such a home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan entertain at dinner this evening.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, who has returned from her trip West in perfect health and spirits, leaves on Monday for a fortnight's visit at her girlhood's home in Nanapan.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels gave a small dinner on Saturday last.

Judge and Mrs. Marion of England, Mrs. and Miss Flossie Everett, Dr. and Mrs. Salisbury, Misses Bolster, Fawcett and Chandler left yesterday for a visit to Washington, New York and Boston.

Mrs. Riddell of Spadina avenue entertained a number of friends last evening.

Mrs. Arthur Armstrong has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lockie in Parkdale and is now at her brother's, Mr. A. R. Denison of Lakeview avenue.

## WM. STITT & CO.

### Tailor-made Dresses

Having purchased the whole of R. SCORE & SON'S stock of ladies' goods, we are prepared to give a special price for tailor-made dresses for the next thirty days. All choice colorings and patterns from \$25 to \$30 the dress.

Special prices for Trousseau

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

Silks, Velvets and Brocades

## WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto

### Flower Vases

... FOR THE

### Dinner Table

Long stem roses look so pretty in those delicate green vases.

We have just received the latest effects from the English factories.

### The Pantethneca

116 Yonge Street

P. S.—If interested in white china for decorating write for our illustrations.

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The Leading Diamond House

### Ladies' Watch Bracelets

A very fashionable idea—originally introduced in Toronto by this house. It's the ideal way of carrying the time, favored especially for tourists and young ladies at school or college. Our variety includes the newest designs in oxidized and white silver, gold—and leather band watch bracelets set with most reliable little timekeepers in coin silver cases at from \$5.50 up. There are hundreds of elegant designs in our displays of Ladies' Silver and Gold Watches in plain, frosted, engraved, enamelled and diamond and pearl studded cases at prices for gold watches from \$10 up.

THE J. E. ELLIS Co. Ltd.

TORONTO, 3 KING ST. EAST

## Lawn Mowers

The Best Makes ... The Lowest Prices

## RICE LEWIS & SON

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

### Wedding Cakes

Of the best quality and finest SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT

447 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



# Social and Personal.

A very interesting event took place in St. Thomas's church, Belleville, on Monday, at half-past two o'clock, when Mr. E. H. S. McLean, M. D., of Revelstoke, B.C., graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, was united in marriage with Maude, only daughter of Mr. W. L. Hamilton, Inspector of Inland Revenue for Eastern Ontario, by Rev. Canon Burke, assisted by Rev. S. Daw, rector of Christ church, and Rev. C. F. Powell. The groom was supported by Mr. Hugh Fleming of Ottawa. The ushers were: Messrs. C. G. Shannon of Kingston, Alfred Gillen of Belleville, J. Bryce McMurrich of Toronto, Rupert Dupins of Kingston, and Harry Thompson, Arthur Dupins, and W. Thomson of Belleville. The bride wore a magnificent gown of pearl white duchesse satin with round court train. The bodice was trimmed with silver and pearl gimp. The customary coronet of orange blossoms and veil of tulle adorned the head of the youthful and beautiful bride. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. This with a solitaire diamond ring were the gifts of the groom. The bride's mother wore a mauve corded silk dress trimmed with velvet, bonnet to match. Miss Tillie Corby was maid of honor. Miss Clara Wilkins, Miss Annie Barker of Toronto, Miss May Slogham, and Miss Helen Corby were bridesmaids; all wore white Swiss muslin dresses trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and canary ribbons, white chip picture hats with yellow or white crepe lisse trimming and strings. Each carried a satin covered Watteau/crook adorned with roses and long streamers of white satin ribbon. These were the gift of the groom, as also gold chain monogram bracelets with padlock and key. A large throng of spectators filled the sacred edifice. After the marriage ceremony the bridal party and about one hundred guests repaired to Belvedere, the residence of the bride's father, which was beautifully and artistically decorated in white and yellow. A silken rug was spread at the end of the drawing-room, over which was a fairy-like canopy of smilax, surmounted by a horseshoe of marguerites, Here Dr. and Mrs. McLean received the congratulations of the guests. The going-away gown was of chrysanthemum brown cloth, trimmed with black moire, jacket to match with pale blue gold brocade vest, bronze hat trimmed with black moire and pale blue forget-me-nots. The presents were very numerous, amongst them being a silver salver, urn and elegant silver tea set, which, with two diamond rings, were from the officers of the outside service, Inland Revenue Department for Eastern Ontario, also a case of silver fruit cutlery with mother-of-pearl handles from Hon. McKenzie Bowell of Ottawa. The happy couple left for New York, via Niagara, and will return to Belleville for a few days before leaving for Revelstoke, B.C. The good wishes of hosts of friends follow them.

The departure of Miss Pauline Johnson for England was made the occasion of a brilliant social event in Brantford on Thursday evening of last week. A committee of leading citizens, headed by Mayor Watt, arranged a reception in the spacious parlors of the Kerby House, which were thronged by a charming assemblage of richly gowned ladies with their escorts. Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. F. T. Wilkes and Mrs. A. Robertson assisted Miss Johnson in the reception, which was followed by a short musical programme, congratulatory speeches by Revs. Mackenzie and Cochrane and others, the presentation to the star of the evening of a handsomely illuminated address and a purse of thirty sovereigns, ending by a happily expressed speech by the fair recipient of all these honors, and the recital of a sweet and touching poem written by her for the occasion. Altogether the affair was not only a brilliant social happening, but a worthy recognition of the talents of one who reflects credit upon her native city. Miss Johnson will be presented at Court, and carries with her letters of introduction to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Marquis of Ripon, Sir Charles Tupper and many other notables and well known literary people.

The Assembly given by the gentlemen of Streetsville on Friday evening of last week, was the most brilliant social event of the kind that has been held in that town for many a year. The I.O.O.F. Hall was prettily decorated with flags and red, white and blue bunting. The floor was in excellent condition, and the music by D'Alessandro's Italian Orchestra was perfect in time and tune, and many were the encomiums which the guests bestowed upon the players for the sweet incentive which they furnished the dancers, who numbered about

one hundred and twenty. The outside towns were well represented by many popular ladies and gentlemen, whose smiling faces gave ample testimony that they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. The patronesses were: Messdames Wood, Graydon, Cockill, Glendinning and Morgan. The stewards were: Messrs. R. H. McClung, R. James Wood, W. McCann, John W. Cunningham, W. J. Graydon, J. L. Cockill and G. L. Graydon. These deserve great credit for their arrangements and solicitude for the enjoyment of their many guests. The ladies and their stylish and becoming gowns were much admired.

The Holly Club held another most enjoyable surprise party on Thursday evening of last week at the residence of Miss L. Stuart. Spencer avenue, Parkdale. Games and dancing were indulged in. Music was furnished by an excellent orchestra. Supper was served and in all a most enjoyable evening was spent. Miss G. Black sang a fine solo, which was very much appreciated. Among the many present were: Misses M. Dick, N. McKenzie, L. Breton, Kappele, Maud Smith, G. Black, Saunders, Clarke, M. and E. Stead, F. Westcott, Chalk, E. Chalk, M. Goodman, F. Bonnell and L. Hobbs, and Messrs. J. May, C. Patterson, E. West, J. Seals, W. Morrison, J. Patterson, E. Shaver, R. Bonnell, C. James, O. Rowan, L. Smith, J. Black, Spriggs, D. Poole and E. Braund. The following were the committee: Miss F. Westcott, Miss M. Goodman, Mr. C. Patterson and Mr. J. May.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Pearson to Mr. Reginald A. Carter of Montreal, which takes place at St. Peter's church on Saturday, May 19 at two p.m. There will be a reception afterwards at 346 Sherbourne street.

Mr. H. J. Hill, manager of the Industrial Exhibition, accompanied by Mrs. Hill, left on Wednesday for a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Miss Blanche Hirst left last Monday for Michigan, where she intends spending a month with her sister, Mrs. G. J. Fox.

The West End Whist Club held its last meeting of the season on Thursday evening of last week at the residence of Mrs. Andrew Muirhead on Madison avenue. The club has been very successful and the tea meetings have been highly enjoyable.

Miss Eva Roblin of Alexander street returned to the city last Monday from London, England, where she has been pursuing her musical studies for the past two years. Her many friends hope to have an opportunity of hearing her voice in concert work before the season closes.

## YOU ARE MORE THAN WELCOME

To visit and inspect the large display of Gas Stoves now to be seen at our show rooms, whether or not you ever buy one. You will see there over twenty different styles of Gas Ranges in full working order.

Those comprise all the newest and most improved styles of gas cooking apparatus to be found in both the American and Canadian markets. It is only remains for you to decide as to their respective merits as suited to your own particular needs.

We have placed the prices of all our Gas Stoves at considerably lower than ever before quoted, in order to increase their sale by bringing them within the reach of every possible user.

**McDonald & Willson**  
MAKERS AND IMPORTERS OF  
**GAS STOVES**  
OF ALL PATENTS  
187 Yonge St., Toronto

## In Polite Society

One must keep up to the prevailing style. Did you know there is style and fashion in Stationery? You must have your Calling Cards engraved so; your "At Home" or Wedding Invites must be engraved and worded so; even your writing paper must be up to date. For  
**THE LATEST IN STATIONERY**  
TRY  
**BAIN'S**  
Society Stationers  
53 King Street West - Toronto

## New Vegetables Cheaper This Week

Choice Asparagus, Beans, Peas, Cucumbers, Tomatoes, etc. Also Spring Salmon and a full variety of lake and sea fish. All fruits in season at bottom prices. Canned goods, best brands, very cheap. Young Chickens, etc.

At...  
**SIMPSON'S**  
Fruit, Fish, Vegetable & Poultry Market  
756 & 758 Yonge St.



## S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen BUILDING SALE

ONLY to give you cold figures is a very unfair impression of the character of stocks in prints, challies and sateens. This is the time of the year when you find with us just the prettiest goods and the largest stocks in these lines. Such color plays in the new prints and sateens.

A Good Colored Print 50, really worth 10c. New Openings in Pretty Prints at 6 1/2. 32 in. Prints, Best Dyes 5 1/2, ought to be marked 12 1/2. Indigo Prints, 32 in., at 10 1/2. New Designs in Challies 5 1/2, worth 12 1/2. Pretty French Sateens 15c. and 17c.

We suppose that you save easily from 50 cents to \$1 a pair in buying boots and shoes here. A few specimen prices:

Men's Tan Goat Oxfords worth \$1 75; sale price \$1 25. Men's Cord, Bala and Congress, worth \$1 50; sale price \$1 25. Men's Cord, Hand-sewed, Walkabout Bala, worth \$2 50; sale price \$2 25. Ladies' American Kid Button Boots, patent tip, worth \$1 75; sale price \$1 25. Ladies' Dongola Kid, hand-turned, patent tip Oxfords, worth \$1 75; sale price \$1 25. Ladies' Tan Calf Oxfords, hand-sewed, worth \$1 25; sale price \$1 00. Misses' Dongola Strap Slippers, sizes 11 to 2, worth 90c, reduced to 75c. Misses' Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, sizes 11 to 2, worth 90c; sale price 75c. Girls' American Kid Button Boots, spring heel, worth \$1; sale price 75c.

**R. SIMPSON**  
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto.  
Entrance Yonge Street.  
New Annex 170 Yonge Street.  
Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

## CLEARING

The balance of our choice stock of PATTERN DRESSES at actual cost price. That means you can secure one of the latest weaves, the newest designs, the most fashionable goods in the city at actual cost. Come and make your selection. Mantles, Capes, Coats, Dolmans, Lace Capes, etc., must be sold, and our prices will enable us to do it.

**H. A. STONE & Co.**  
212 Yonge Street.

**'Midst The Roses WEDDING ROSES**  
Dunlop's Roses can be safely shipped by mail or express to any part of Ontario or Quebec. Orders to be sent by express or mail are filled with fresh flowers, cut direct from the trees. Wedding orders receive special attention. Prices given on application. Nearly 20,000 trees in bloom now.  
Conservatories Bloor St. West  
**DUNLOP, 445 Yonge**  
Tel. 4192

**Hygienic Skin Food**  
Banishes Wrinkles, Soars, and Pimples, makes the face plump and youthful looking—\$1.50.

**Jasmine Kosmeo**  
Cleanses, refines, cools the skin and keeps it fresh looking all day—75c.

**Bath of Isis**  
For the hands, whitens, softens, beautifies, adds delicacy—50c. For sale at the Gervais Graham Institute, 31 Avenue Street, Toronto.

**Superfluous Hair, Moles**  
Etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. The electric needle in the hands of an expert is the only method endorsed by science for the removal of superfluous hair. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**THE GRAHAM INSTITUTE**  
31 Avenue Street (College Street), Toronto  
Telephone 1858

**World's Fair Views**  
From One Dollar Per Dozen  
A FINE COLLECTION OF  
**LANTERN SLIDES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR**  
for Sale or to Rent for Exhibitions.

**MICKLETHWAITE'S GALLERY**  
Cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto

**HAVE YOU BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED BY**  
Frederick Lyonde of Hamilton?

**COMPARED WITH THE FIGURES OF THE PRECEDING YEAR'S BUSINESS**  
THE  
**SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT**  
OF THE  
**Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company**  
SHOWS THE FOLLOWING:

New Business issued (increase over 1892)	\$1,490,910
Gross Cash Income (increase over 1892)	407,960
Assets 31st December 1893	287,840
(increase over 1892)	45,525
Surplus on Policy-holders' Accounts (increase over 1892)	673,738
(increase over 1892)	127,671
Showing a total insurance in force at 1st January, 1894, of nearly NINE MILLION DOLLARS.	

**GEORGE GOODERHAM** President.  
**JOHN F. ELLIS** Managing Director.  
**GEO. A. STERLING** Secretary.

## Building Enlargement and Stock Clearing SALE

To effect a large reduction in our stock of first-class Dry Goods, before erecting our new warehouse, we are now holding a clearing sale at which there are many exceptional bargains at reductions of

**25 TO 50 PER CENT.**

below regular prices, in Silks, Linens, Woollens and Washable Dress Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Blankets, Counterpanes, Eiderdown Quilts, Cosies and Pillows, Silk Umbrellas, Hosiery and Underwear.

Prompt attention to Mail orders  
**John Catto & Son**  
KING ST. Opposite the Post Office

## Burglars Wanted!

That sounds rather funny, doesn't it? But look here, every time you buy a new suit instead of having your old one Cleaned or Dyed at Parker's you burglarize yourself to the extent of about \$15 to \$20.

Here is the difference:  
Tailor's price ..... \$25.00  
Our price for dyeing ..... 2.50  
Difference ..... \$22.50

**R. PARKER & CO.** 787 and 200 Yonge Street  
50 King Street West  
475 and 1267 Queen Street West  
277 Queen Street East  
Dyers and Cleaners

BE SURE and send your parcels to Parker's. They will be done right if done at PARKER'S. Telephones 3037, 2143, 1004 and 3640.

## JAMES SCOTT & SON

Have recently received from Britain a selected lot of Very Slightly Damaged Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins. In many beautiful patterns, in different sizes and qualities, which they are able to offer **ONE-THIRD BELOW REGULAR VALUE**

A very large range of very choice and beautiful new Gingham, Cotton Crepons, Crimps, Zephyrs

Etc., etc., in all the leading colors, at **15 CENTS PER YARD**  
**91-93 KING STREET EAST**

**Madame Ireland's Shampooing Parlors**  
Are Now Open for Ladies and Gentlemen. Baldness a specialty. A luxuriant growth of hair guaranteed or money refunded, and my Toilet and Shaving Soap sold everywhere.  
Head Office: 3 King Street East, Toronto

**No. 10 Washington Avenue**  
Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue

**Dressmaking...**  
Miss M. E. LAKEY, formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, begs to announce to her numerous customers that she has removed her dressmaking establishment to the above address.

Latest English, French and American styles. Mourning orders promptly attended to. Evening Dresses and Trousseau a specialty.

**MISS MILLS...**  
Can supply the very latest styles in smart Visiting Gowns and Outing Costumes.  
3 King Street East First floor.  
Ascend by elevator.

**High-Class Millinery**  
Always on hand, and the ladies can rely on the very latest styles.

**MISS PAYNTER...**  
3 King Street East First floor.  
Ascend by elevator.

## Millinery

**MISS HOLLAND**  
Having secured a large selection of the most artistic SPRING PATTERNS in FRENCH, ENGLISH and NEW YORK Millinery, would respectfully invite from her customers and ladies generally an early inspection

**112 Yonge Street**  
2 Doors South of Adelaide St.

**Millinery and Dressmaking Parlors**

We have now on view at our rooms a beautiful assortment of French and American pattern bonnets and the latest novelties in millinery. We cordially invite your inspection.

**MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG**  
41 King Street West

**MISS PATON**

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

**R. Walker & Sons, 33 to 43 King St. East**

**MISS PLUMMER, Modiste**  
Room 24, Oddfellows' Building  
Cor. Yonge and College Streets  
Evening Dresses and Trousseau a specialty

**MRS. E. SMITH** Dress and Mantle Maker  
Tailor made Gowns a Specialty.  
247 Church Street - Toronto

**MRS. I. MINTZ** Established 1874  
Artistic Hair Worker  
401 QUEEN ST. WEST.

Combs made up in every style. Bangs cut and curled artistically. Ladies! try our MAGIC CURL FLUID, guaranteed to keep the hair in curl from one to seven days, according to the pliability of the hair. Price 25c. a bottle. The effect is marvelous. Positively not injurious.

## The Lewis Magnetic Corset

**LEWIS' MAGNETIC**  
It is mechanically constructed upon scientific principles, symmetrical in shape and unique in design. Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer. It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability. Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric. The steels (or stays) are inserted in separate pockets and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer. Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded. See that the name "Lewis' Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE Crompton Corset Co., 78 York St., Toronto, Ont.

## PEMBER'S HAIR STORE...

In Summer Bange we have the prettiest and most becoming styles. Our line of Hair Goods are unequalled for quality and price. We have the most complete Ladies' Hair-Dressing Rooms in the city. Ladies' Hair Trimming, Singeing and Shampooing. Soap treated after fever or other diseases. Bleaching and dyeing in any shade. Use Pember's Hair Regenerator for restoring gray hair to its former color.

**PEMBER'S Hair and Perfumery Store**  
Tel. 2275  
127 YONGE STREET

**Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store**  
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton. Tel. 2498



Fashionable styles of Fringes and Summer Bangs, Naturally Curly, light in make and appearance. Compare our goods and prices with other places. We are the leaders in our line, because we have the facilities. The proof is the class of work we do. Our success is quality, not quantity. The best is always the cheapest. We can give better value for your money than anywhere else in Canada or in the States. The fact is, we obtained the highest award at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, over the entire world in our line (the manufacture of Hair Goods in Bangs, Fringes, Waves, Toupes and Wigs for Ladies and Gentlemen's head coverings; for convenience, protection and improvement, Hair Brushes, Combs, Colla and Curlers. Hair Tonic, Hair Dye, Hair Destroyer, Collifores and Hair Dressing, Perfumery, etc. Send for catalogue and mention this paper. Ladies and Children's Hair Dressing, Manicure and Face Massage Parlors (private).

**J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.**  
TELEPHONE 3404  
441 Yonge, cor. Carlton, Toronto, Canada

## The Leading Hair Dressing Rooms DOREN WEND'S

Ladies attending Balls, Opera, Weddings, etc., should have their hair dressed at Dorenwend's in the newest and most becoming manner. In style we always lead, never copy. Hair Cutting, Singeing, Shampooing, Dyeing and Bleaching. See the many styles in Bangs, manufactured of naturally Curly Hair. Switches, all Long Hair, Wigs and other coverings. Better goods and cheaper than any other house in Canada. 165 and 167 Yonge St. Telephone 1581



## Emeralds and Diamonds

as shown by us in Ladies'—Rings make an exquisite combination. We have just now—in addition to our usual full line of medium sized Emeralds—several VERY LARGE ones of exceptional beauty and value, which should interest admirers of this beautiful stone.

## Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.  
Our gems are all personally selected in Europe.



# The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XXXV.  
HE NOBLE OR HE BASE.

For a while there was silence, then Juanna looked up, searching Olfan's face with her eyes. Nothing was to be read there, for it was impossible to pierce the mask of solemn calm beneath which, in common with all his race, the king was accustomed to hide his thoughts. He leaned on the shaft of his broad spear, his head slightly bowed as though in humility, his dark eyes fixed upon her face with a mingled look of wonder and supplication, immovable, impassive, a picture of savage dignity.

Indeed, Juanna was fain to confess to herself that she had never seen a grander specimen of the natural man than that presented by the chief of the People of the Mist, as he stood before her in her rock prison. The light of the candles fell full upon him, revealing his great girth and stature, beside which those of the finest men of her own race would have seemed insignificant; it shone upon the ivory torques, emblems of royalty, that were about his neck, wrists and ankles, upon the glossy garb of black goat-skin that hung from his shoulders and middle, and the raven tresses of his hair bound back from his forehead by a narrow band of linen, which showed in striking contrast against the clear olive coloring of his face and breast.

"Speak, Olfan," said Juanna at length. "It was told to me, O Queen," he answered in a low, full voice, "that you had words to say to me. Nevertheless, now as always, I obey you. Queen, I learn that your husband, he whom you loved, is dead, and believe me, I am sorry for you. In this shameful deed I had no hand; that, together with the end of the other white man and the dwarf, must be set down to the account of the priest, who swears that he was driven to it by the clamor of the people. Queen, they have all gone across the mountains and through the sky beyond, and you, like some weary dove, far traveled from a southern clime, are left a prey among the eagles of the People of the Mist. But a few hours since I thought you dead also, for with all the thousands in the temple I believed that it was your fair body which Nam hurried at dawn from the brow of the statue and I tell you that when I saw it I, who am a warrior, wept and cursed myself, because, though I was a king, I had no power to save you. Afterward this man, the high priest, came to me, telling me the truth and a plan that he had made for his own ends, whereby you might be saved and I also might be saved, and my rule as king be made sure in the land." And he ceased.

"What is this plan, Olfan?" asked Juanna, after a pause. "Queen, it is that you should wed me, and appear before the people no longer as a goddess, but as a woman who has put on the flesh for her love's sake. I know well that I am all unworthy of such honor, and, moreover, that your heart must be sore with the loss of the one who was dear to you, and little set upon the finding of another husband; also, I remember certain words that passed between us and a promise that I made. All these things I told to Nam, and he answered me saying that the matter was urgent, that here you could not be hid away for long, and that if I did not take you to wife then you must die. I said to him, 'Go now and ask her if she will smile upon me if I come before her with such words.'

"And Nam went, but before he went he made certain agreements with me on matters of policy, under which I was to pay a heavy price for you, O Queen, and forego revenge and forget many an ancient hate, all of which things I have promised to do should you smile upon me, so great is my love towards you. The hours went by, and Nam came back to me, saying that having weighed the matter in your mind, you answered him favorably, and to this I replied that I did not trust him and would take it from your lips alone. And now, Queen, I am here to listen to your word, and to offer myself to you, to serve you all my life as your husband and your slave. I have little to give you who have been bred up in sunnier lands and among a more gentle people; I who am but the wild chief of men whose hearts are rugged as our mountains, and gloomy as a winter's day that is heavy with the snows to come—only myself, the service of my soldiers and spears, and the first place among the children of the Mist. Now let me hear your answer, and be it what it may, I will accept it without a murmur, for least of all things do I desire to force myself upon you in marriage. Still I pray you, speak to me plainly once and for all, for if I must lose you I would know the worst; nor can I bear, when you have smiled upon me to see you turn away. Nay, I would sooner die."

And once more he bowed his head, leaned upon his spear, and was silent. Juanna considered the position rapidly. It was hopeless and cruel. Nam and Soa stood on either side of her, the latter standing near the door with the sliding panel beyond which Leonard lay bound, and she knew well that did she speak a single word of the truth to Olfan it would be the signal for her lover's death. It was possible that the king might be able to protect her own person from violence, but if Leonard died it mattered little what became of her. There was but one thing that she could do—declare herself willing to become the wife of Olfan, and yet it seemed shameful thus to treat this honorable man, the only friend they had found among the People of the Mist. But of a truth such necessities as hers cannot wait while those in their toils weigh scruples on the law of honor.

"Olfan," she said, "I have heard you and this is my answer: I will take you as my husband. You know that I have heard you who was my lord is but this day dead, here Soa smiled approvingly at the lie, "and that I loved him. Therefore of your gentleness you will accord me some few weeks before I pass from him to you, in which I may mourn my widowhood. I will say no more, but surely you can guess the sorrow of my heart, and all that I have left unsaid."

"It shall be as you wish, Queen," replied Olfan, taking her hand and kissing it, while his somewhat sad face grew radiant with happiness. "You shall pass into my keeping at that time which best pleases you, and I fear that in one matter you must be troubled now, this very hour."

"What may that be, Olfan?" asked Juanna anxiously. "Only this, Queen, that the rite of marriage as we practice is celebrated between us. It is necessary for many reasons that will be made clear to you to-morrow. Moreover, such was my bargain with Nam, sealed by an oath sworn upon the blood of Aca, an oath that I do not dare to break."

"Oh, no, no!" said Juanna in acute distress. "Think, Olfan, how can I, whose husband is not dead six hours, vow myself to another man upon the altar of his grave? Give me some few days, I pray you."

"Most willingly would I do this, Queen, but I may not; it is against my oath. Also, what can it matter to you that I remain alone for so long as I shall please you?" Then Nam spoke for the first time, saying: "Shepherdess, waste no breath in words, for learn that though this garment of modesty is becoming to one new widowed, yet you must put it from you. Mere hangs upon this ceremony than you know of; the lives of many hang upon it, our own, perchance, among them, and more immediately the life of one of whom it does not become me to speak, and as though by accident he let his eyes rest upon the door of the adjoining cell.

Of his auditors Olfan thought that he was alluding to his own life, but Juanna and his daughter knew well that he spoke of that of Leonard, which would be sacrificed did the former persist in her objections to the instant celebration of the marriage. "You hear his words, Queen," said Olfan, "and there is weight in them. The times are very dangerous, and if our plot is to be carried through, before midnight I must make oath to the captains and the council of the people that you have come back from death to be my wife."

"Maybe," answered Juanna, "I shall be held to be no true wife, and there are none to establish my honor by their words."

"There is little fear of such a thing, Queen," answered Olfan with a faint smile, "yet your words are just. I will lead three of my captains here, men who will not betray us, and they shall be witness to this rite, and he turned as though he would go to seek them."

"Do not leave me," said Juanna, catching him by the wrist. "I trust you, but these two I do not trust. I fear to be left alone."

"There is no need for witnesses, King," exclaimed Nam in a threatening voice. "The Shepherdess has asked for witnesses and she shall have them," answered Olfan fiercely. "Old man, you have played with me long enough; hitherto I have been your servant, now I will be your master. Some few hours ago your life was forfeit to me, for the white dawn had turned to red, and I meant to take it, but you writhed me with this bait, and he pointed to Juanna. "Nay, do not lay your hand upon your knife; you forget I have my spear. Your priests are without, I know it, but so are my captains, and I have told them where I am; if I vanish as many vanish here, my life will be required at your hands, for Nam, your spell is broken. Now, obey me. Bid that woman summon him who guards without. No, you do not stir!" and he lifted the spear till its keen blade pointed quivered over the high priest's naked breast. "Bid her go to the door and summon the guard, I said. To the door, but not beyond it, or beware!"

Nam was cowed, his tool had become his master.

"Obey," he said to Soa.

"Obey, but no more," echoed Olfan.

"Hide yourself, Queen," said Olfan.

Juanna retreated into the shadow behind the candle and that moment a voice spoke through the open door, saying, "I am here, father."

"Now speak," said Olfan, advancing the spear an inch nearer Nam's head.

"My son," said Nam, "go to the entrance by which the king entered, where you shall find three captains, generals of the king. I said them hither."

"And see that you speak to no one on the way," whispered Olfan in Nam's ear.

"And see that you speak to no one on the way," repeated Nam.

"I hear you, father," replied the priest, and went.

Some ten minutes passed and the door opened again. "The captains are here," said a voice.

"Let them enter," said Nam.

The order was obeyed, and three great men armed with spears stalked into the narrow chamber. One of them was brother to the king, and the two others were his chosen friends. Then the door closed.

"My brethren," said Olfan, "I have sent for you to acquaint you with a mystery and to ask you to witness a rite. Aca, who this day was buried into the pool of the Snake, has returned to earth as a woman, and is about to become my wife."—here the captains started—"nay, brethren, ask no questions; these things are so, it is enough. Now, priest, play your part."

After that, for a while, seemed a dream to Juanna, a dream of which she could never recover any exact memory. She could recall standing side by side with Olfan, while Nam uttered prayers and invocations over them, administering to them terrible oaths, which they took, calling upon the names of Aca and Jal and swearing by the symbol of the Snake, but beyond that everything was blank. Indeed, her mind flew back to another marriage ceremony, when she stood beside Leonard in the slave camp, and the priest, Francisco, prayed over them and blessed them. It was that scene which she saw, and not the one ensuing before her eyes, and with its vision were mixed strange, impersonal reflections on the irony of fate, which had brought it about that she should figure in her own person as the chief actor in two such dramas, the first of which Leonard had gone through to save her, and the second of which she must go through to save him.

At last it was done, and once more Olfan was bowing before her and kissing her hand.

"Greeting, Shepherdess. Hail! Queen of the People of the Mist," he said, and the captains repeated his words.

Juanna awoke from a stupor. What was to be done now, she wondered. What could be done! Everything seemed lost. Then in her despair an inspiration took her.

"It is true that I am a queen, is it not, Olfan?"

"It is true, lady."

"And as the queen of the People of the Mist I have power, have I not, Olfan?"

"Even to life and death," he answered gravely; "though if you kill, you must answer to the council of the elders to me. All in this land are your servants, Queen, and none dare disobey you."

"Good," said she, "then addressing the captains in a tone of command added, 'Seiz that man who is named Nam and the woman with him.'"

Olfan looked astonished and the captains hesitated. As for Nam, he did not hesitate, but made a bound towards the door.

"Stay a while, Nam," said the king, making a barrier before him with his spear; "doubtless the Queen has reasons, and you would wish to hear them. Hold them, my captains, since the Queen commands it."

Then the three men sprang upon them. Once Nam tried to draw a knife, but falling in his attempt he submitted without further struggle. With Soa it was different. She bit and tore like a wild cat and Juanna saw that she was striving to reach the panel and speak through it.

"On your lives do not suffer her to come to that door," she said; "presently you shall know why."

Then the brother of the king dragged Soa to the couch and, throwing her down upon it, stood over her his spear pointed at her throat.

"Now, Queen," said Olfan, "your will is done and perhaps it may please you to explain."

"Listen, king, and listen you, captains," she answered. "These liars here told you that the Deliverer was dead, was it not so? He is not dead, but lies bound in yonder cell, but had I spoken a word of it to you, then he would have died. Olfan, do you know how my consent was won to be your wife? A shutter within that door was opened, and he, my husband, was shown to me, gagged and bound and being held over the mouth of a hideous pit in the floor of the prison, that I, I know not what, or he, he dies, they said, and for my love's sake I consented. This was the plot, Olfan, to marry me to you, partly because the woman yonder, who was my nurse, did not desire my death, and partly that Nam might use me to save himself from the anger of the

people. But do not think that you would have kept me long, Olfan, for this was in the plot also, that when you had served their purpose you should die by secret means, as one who knew too much."

"It is a lie," said Nam.

"Silence," answered Juanna. "Let that door be opened and you shall see if I have lied."

"Wait a while, Queen," said Olfan, who appeared utterly overcome. "If I understand you right, your husband lives, and therefore you say that the words that we have spoken and the oaths that we have sworn mean nothing for you are not my wife."

"That is so, Olfan."

"Then now I am minded to turn wicked and let him die," said the king slowly, "for know this, Shepherdess, I cannot give you up."

"You grew pale as death, realizing that this man's passions, now that once he had given them way, had passed beyond his control."

"I cannot give you up," he repeated. "Have I not dealt well with you? Did I not say to you, 'Consent or refuse, as it shall please you,' but having once consented, you must not go back upon your words? What have I to do with the reasons that prompted them? My heart heard them and believed them. Queen, you are wed to me, those oaths that you here at, you may not be broken. It is too late, now you are mine, nor can I suffer you to pass from me back to another man, even though he was your husband before me."

"But the Deliverer! Must I then become my husband's murderer?"

"Nay, I will protect him, and if it may be, find means to send him from the land."

Juanna stood silent and despairing, and at this moment Soa, lying on the couch, broke into a shrill and mocking laugh that stung her like a whip and aroused her from her lethargy.

"King," she said, "I am at your mercy, not across the vast plains—no longer hidden in mist—but here, where you say you love me; tell me, then, if my life hung upon a word of yours, would that word remain unspoken. Such was my case; I spoke the word and for one short hour I betrayed you. Will you, whose heart is great, bind me by such an oath, this, an oath wrung from me, as to my darling from the power of those dogs? If this is so, then I have erred strangely in my reading of your mind, for till now I have held that you were a man who would perish ere he suffered his more evil part to force a helpless woman to be his wife, and the strongest reason was that she deceived him to save her husband."

She paused, and clasping her hands as though in prayer, looked up into his troubled face with beseeching eyes; then as he did not speak, she went on:

"King, I have one more word to say. You are the strongest and you can take me, but you cannot hold me, for that hour would be my last, and you would be but the richer by your broken honor and a dead bride."

Olfan was about to answer when Soa, fearing lest Juanna's pleading should prevail against his passion, broke in saying, "Be not fooled, King, by a woman's pretty speeches, or by her idle threats that she will kill herself. She will not kill herself. I know her well, she loves her life too much; and soon, when you are wed, she will love you also, for it is the nature of us women to worship those who master us. Moreover, the man the Deliverer is not her husband, except in name; for months I have lived with him and I know it. Take her, King, take her now, this hour, or live to mourn her loss and your folly all your life's day."

"I will not answer that slave's falsehoods," said Juanna, raising her head up and speaking proudly, "and it were more worthy of you not to listen to them, King. I have spoken, now do your will, be great or little, be noble or be base as your nature leads you."

And suddenly she sank to the ground and, shaking her head about her face and arms, burst into bitter weeping.

Twice the king looked at her, then he turned his head as though he dare look no more, and spoke, keeping his eyes fixed upon the wall.

"Rise, Queen," he said hoarsely; "cease your tears, since you are safe from me. Now, as always, I live to do your will, but I pray you, hide your face from me as much as may be, for I cannot bear to look on that which I have lost."

Still sobbing, but filled with admiration and wonder that a savage could be thus generous, Juanna rose to murmur thanks, while the captains stared and Soa mocked and cursed them both.

"Thank me not," he said gently. "It seems that you who can read all hearts have read mine aright, or perchance you fashioned it as you would have it be. And now, having done with love, let us to war. Woman, what is the secret of that door?"

"Find it for yourself," snarled Soa. "It is easy to open when once you know the spring—like a woman's heart, Olfan. Or if you cannot find it, I will be forced—like a woman's love, Olfan. Sure you who are so skilled in the winning of a bride need not seek my counsel as to the opening of a door, for when I gave it but now upon the first of these matters, you would not hearken, Olfan, but were melted by the sight of tears that you should have kissed away."

Juanna heard and from that moment made up her mind that if she could, she would give Soa to doom. Nor was it wonderful, for few women could have pardoned what she had suffered at her hands.

"Deliver me into her till she speaks, comrade," said Olfan. Then Soa gave up mocking and told the secret of the door.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW OTTER CAME BACK.

After he had rested a while at the bottom of the glacier, Otter set to work to explore the cliff on the top of which he found himself, with the view of descending it and hiding himself at the first opportunity. He hoped to find the means of re-entering the city and putting himself in communication with Olfan. Very soon, however, he discovered that if he was to return at all he must follow the same route by which he had come.

Evidently the tunnel sloped upward very sharply, for he was standing on the brow of a precipice cut into three steps, which, taken together, may have measured some three hundred feet in height, and so far as he could see, it was impossible to descend any of these cliffs without the aid of ropes. Nor could he continue his investigations over the wide area, for about four hundred paces to the left of the opening to the subterranean passage—whereof, by the way, he was very careful to note the exact position—the mountain pushed out a snowy shoulder, with declivities so precipitous that he dared not trust himself on them.

Then he tried the right-hand side, but with no better luck, for here he was stopped by a yawning rift in the rock. Now Otter sat down and considered the situation.

The day was still young, and he knew that it would be foolish to attempt to escape from the pool before dark. In front of him the mountain rose steeply till, so far as he could judge, it reached a pass that lay some two miles off, at the base of the main peak, on whose snows the priests had watched the breaking of the dawn. Part of this declivity was covered with blocks of green ice, but here and there appeared patches of earth, on which grew stunted trees, shrubs and even grass and flowers. Being very hungry, it occurred to Otter that he might find edible roots among this scanty vegetation, and with this hope he began to climb the slope, to be rewarded in due course by the discovery of a vegetable that he recognized, for it was the same which had been offered to him on the occasion of his unlucky outbreak, that had resulted in the casting away of the rubies.

With this poor food the dwarf filled himself, and having found a bough that made him an

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excellent staff, he continued his climb, desiring to see what there might be on the other side of the neck.

Arriving there without any great difficulty, Otter stood astonished, although in a general way he was not much given to admiring scenery. Below him lay the city of the Mist, with its shining belt of rivers that, fed from the inexhaustible mountain snows, meandered across the vast plains—no longer hidden in mist—which they had trodden on their journey. Above his head the mighty peak towered thousands of feet into the air, till it ended in a summit shaped like a human finger pointing eternally to the heavens. Before him the scene was even stranger, made up as it was of snowy fields broken by ridges of black rock, and laid one beneath the other like white sails drying upon the slopes of a sand-hill.

Gradually, as the eye traveled downward, these snow-fields grew fewer and fewer, till at last they vanished altogether, and their place was taken first by stretches of grass-land, and finally, at the foot of the mountain, by what seemed to be a rich and level country interspersed with clumps and bush of forest trees.

The first of these snow-fields lay within three furlongs of where the dwarf stood, but several hundred feet below him. Between the neck of the pass and this field stretched a mighty rift or chasm, with sides so sheer that no goat could have kept a footing on them. Yet this gulf was not without its bridge, for rising from the bottom of the chasm was a rock wall that formed the bed of a glacier which spanned it from side to side, being in some places comparatively level and in others having descents almost as sharp as those of a waterfall. This remarkable bridge of ice—that varied from a hundred paces to a few yards in width—was bordered on either side by the most fearful precipices, while just where its fall was sharpest and its width narrowest, it seemed to spring across a space of nothingness, like the arch of a bridge thrown from bank to bank of a river. Indeed, at this point its line became so attenuated that in the glittering sunlight Otter could not be sure that it was not broken through for a distance of some yards.

Being of an enquiring mind, the dwarf decided to satisfy himself upon the matter. All around him lay slabs of rock, some of which were worn perfectly smooth and to the thinness of a tombstone by centuries of polishing the snow from gathering on it, and whenever the sun was strong enough to melt its surface it froze again at night, so that no slide upon a parish pond could have been more slippery or free from inequalities.

Otter gave his stone a push and away it went, sometimes swiftly and sometimes at a trifling pace, according to the nature of the angle down which it passed, leaving a bright green ribbon upon the ice in its wake, whence it swept the hoar-frost as it sped. Once or twice he thought that it was going to stop, but it never did stop. At length it approached the steep side to side, being in some places comparatively level and in others having descents almost as sharp as those of a waterfall. This remarkable bridge of ice—that varied from a hundred paces to a few yards in width—was bordered on either side by the most fearful precipices, while just where its fall was sharpest and its width narrowest, it seemed to spring across a space of nothingness, like the arch of a bridge thrown from bank to bank of a river. Indeed, at this point its line became so attenuated that in the glittering sunlight Otter could not be sure that it was not broken through for a distance of some yards.

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same, I would much rather that you came alive."  
"Yes, Baas, and I, too, would rather stop alive, but, being alive, how can I join you who are dead?"  
"You fool, I am not dead," said Leonard.  
"Then Baas, how is it that you speak out of the air? Come near to me that I may touch you and be comforted."  
"I cannot, Otter; I am bound and in a prison above you. There is a hole in the floor, and if you have a rope, as I heard you say, perhaps you could climb up to me."  
Now the dwarf began to understand. Rising, he stretched the long staff he had with him high above his head and found to his delight that he could touch the roof of the cave. Presently the point of the staff ceased to press upon the rock.  
"It is here, but you must throw the stick up like a spear through the hole, for I am tied and cannot put out my hand to take it."  
"Stay a while, Baas; first I must make the line fast to it."  
"Good, but be swift, for I am in danger."  
"Hurriedly Otter undid the hide rope from about his middle, knotting it securely to the center of the stick. Then some five feet below the stick he made a loop large enough for a man to place his foot in, and having ascertained the exact situation of the opening in the roof of the cave, he hurled the stick upwards and jerked at the line.  
"It is fixed," whispered Leonard from above. "Now come up if you can."  
The dwarf required no second invitation. Seizing the rope as high as he could reach above his head, he began to drag himself up hand over hand, no easy task, for the hide cord was thin and cut his fingers and his right leg, round which he had twisted it to get a better purchase. Presently, however, he succeeded in setting his foot in the loop he had prepared, when he found that his head and shoulders were in the hole, and that by reaching upwards he could grasp the staff which lay across it. The rest was easy, and within half a minute he was gasping at his master's side.  
"Have you a knife, Otter?"  
"Yes, Baas, my small one, the big ones are down there; I will tell you that story by and by."  
"Never mind the story now, Otter. My hands are tied behind my back. Feel for the lashings and cut them, then give me the knife that I may free my legs."  
Otter obeyed, and presently Leonard rose and stretched himself with a sigh of relief.  
"Where is the Shepherdess, Baas?"  
"There, in the next cell. They separated me from her, and since then I have been dangled by the legs over that hole, bound and gagged, I fancy in order to persuade her to consent to something or other by the sight of my danger, for doubtless she was placed where she could see all. Then they left me, and I managed to spit out the gag, but I could not undo the cords. I expect that they will soon be back again."  
"Then had we not better fly, Baas? I have found a passage that leads to the mountains."

"How can we fly and leave the Shepherdess, Otter? Since I have been held down the hole only two men have visited me from time to time, for they think me helpless. Let us seize these men when they come in and take their knives, for we are unarmed. Then we can think; also we shall have their keys."  
"Yes, Baas, we may do that. You take the staff; it is stout."  
"And what will you use?" asked Leonard.  
"Fear not, Baas. Do these men bear lights?"  
"Yes."  
"Then in two minutes I will make a weapon." And, untying the hide rope from the stick, he began to fumble at it busily.  
"Now I am ready, Baas," he said presently.  
"Here," answered Leonard, leading him to the door. "We will crouch down in the shadow, one on either side of this door, and when the priests have entered and closed it, and begin to look round for me, then we will spring upon them. Only, Otter, there must be no bungling and no noise."  
"I think that there will be none, Baas; they will be too frightened to cry out at first, and after that they will become dumb."  
"Otter," whispered Leonard as they stood in the dark, "did you kill the Water Dweller?"  
"Yes, yes, Baas," he chuckled in answer, "I caught him with the hook that I made ready. But he did not die easily, Baas, and if I had not been able to swim well he would have drowned me."  
"I heard something of it from Nam," said Leonard. "You are a wonderful fellow, Otter." "Oh, Baas! It was no valor of mine; when I saw his eyes I was horribly afraid, only I thought how gladly you would have attacked him had you been there, and what a coward you would hold me could you have seen me shivering like a little girl before a big lizard, and these thoughts gave me courage."  
"Oh, that is all very well!" replied Leonard, and suddenly added, "Hush! be ready!"  
As he spoke the door opened and two great priests came through it, one of them bearing a candle. He who bore the light turned to shut the door, for he suspected nothing. Then, at one and the same instant, Leonard, emerging from the shadow, dealt the first priest a blow upon the head with his staff, which stunned, if it did not kill him, for he fell like an ox beneath the pole-axe, while Otter, standing where he was, dexterously cut his hide rope about the throat of the second man, and drew the noose tight with a jerk that brought him to the earth. In twenty seconds it was all over. The men, who were the same that had held Leonard suspended in the oubliette, lay senseless or dead, and the dwarf and his master were engaged in possessing themselves of their knives and keys by the light of the candle, which, though it had fallen to the ground, fortunately remained burning.  
"That was well done, Otter," said Leonard, "and I am not ashamed to have done it, for these devils kicked me when I was bound. Now we are armed and have the keys. What next?"

Just then Otter sprang to his feet crying, "Look out, Baas, here come more."  
Leonard glanced up to see, and behold! the second door in the cell was opened, and through it came Juanna, Olfan, Nam, Soa, and three other men.  
For a moment there was silence; then one of the captains cried out, "See! Jai the god has come back, and already he claims his victims!" and he pointed to the two priests.  
Then followed a scene of confusion, for even Olfan and Nam were amazed at what seemed to them little short of a miracle, while Leonard and Juanna had only eyes for each other, and the three captains stared at Otter like men who think they see a ghost.  
Only one person in that company kept her head, and that person was Soa. The captain who guarded her had loosed his hold; silently she slunk back into the shadows, and unscathed, vanished through the doorway by which she had been led in. A minute passed, and Otter, thinking that he heard a noise without that door of the cell by which the two priests had entered and which had been left ajar, went to it and tried to open it. Just then, also, Olfan missed Soa.  
"Where is the woman, Nam's daughter?" he cried.  
"It seems that she escaped and shut us in, King," answered Otter calmly.  
Followed by the others, Olfan sprang first to the door of the cell where they were and then through the connecting passage to that of Juanna's prison. It was true, both were closed.  
"It matters nothing, here are the keys," said Leonard.  
"They will not avail us, Deliverer," answered Olfan, "for these doors are made fast without by bars of stone thicker than my arm. Now this woman has gone to rouse the college of priests, who will presently come to kill us like caged rats."  
"Quick!" said Leonard, "waste no time; we must break down the door."  
"Yes, Deliverer," said Nam mockingly, "batter them in with your fists, cut through the stone-work with your spears; surely they will be no work to your strength!"  
(To be continued.)

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#### Regret.

Jarvis (in surprise)—Why, Jenkins, is that you? I heard you were killed!  
Jenkins (sadly)—No; it was my brother.  
Jarvis (thoughtlessly)—Too bad—too bad!

#### A Puny and Fretful Baby.

That is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

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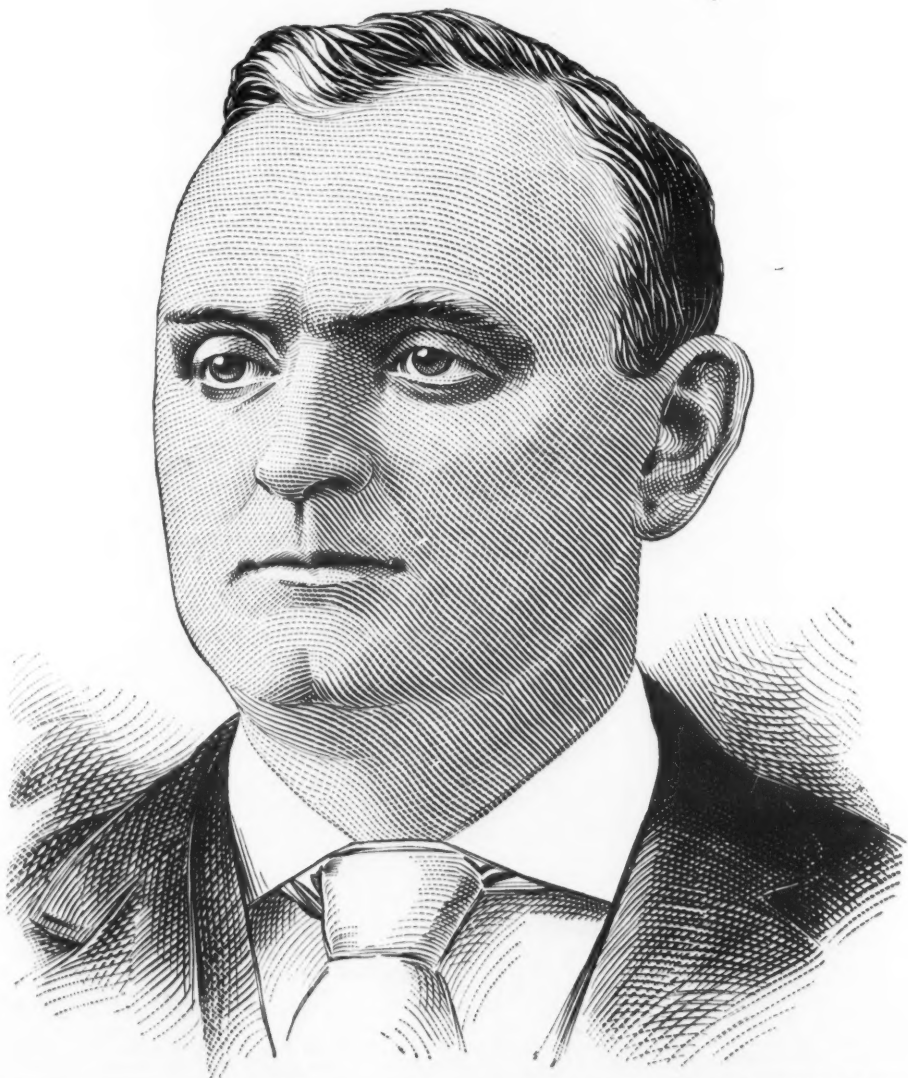
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## PUBLISHER OF DONOHUE'S

### What the Great American Catholic Monthly Owes to Paine's Celery Compound



The name of *Donohue's Magazine*, founded by Mr. Patrick Donohue of Boston, in 1879, is known and respected throughout the English-speaking world.  
Within the past year it has achieved almost marvelous success, and stands to-day peerless in its field, doing splendid work for greater religious tolerance and better economic conditions. This success has been won under the direction of its new publisher, Hon. Daniel F. Toomey, who, in addition, is at the head of one of Boston's book publishing companies and is a representative from that city in the legislature of Massachusetts.  
Mr. Toomey writes as follows in a candid and interesting letter:  
"I believe in Paine's Celery Compound. If I tell you why, you may, perhaps, wish to publish my words. But even that does not deter me from writing you the truth. I have no sympathy with the man who helps to tear

down 'the bridge that carried him over.' Neither do I sympathize with the man who hides facts just because their publication may promote the success of others. Paine's Celery Compound helped me. That's the fact of the case.  
"Finding myself run down and getting into a state of nervousness, recently, I took the advice of a medical friend, and bought Paine's Celery Compound. Its use gave me strength, energy and buoyancy. Business cares were made lighter than before.  
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Brain workers, those who suffer from debility, exhaustion, mental depression, sleeplessness, and Paine's Celery Compound is a certain rejuvenator of the vital portions. Hard study among students is a direct cause of

debility. Energetic action cannot be kept up in the brain and stomach at the same time. If the mind be intently occupied with profound thought, the nervous power will be concentrated in the brain, and the stomach being deprived of it, indigestion and disease ensue. Hence the weak digestion and sallow complexion of literary men and their constant complaint of ill health.  
It is also true that a hopeful man or woman can do more work and get well faster than one in despair. From the first taking of Paine's Celery Compound a feeling of confidence in recovery comes over the invalid. New blood and fresh nervous energy give a hopeful outlook. Paine's Celery Compound hastens convalescence wonderfully.  
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#### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

WILL IT PAY.—Your writing has been delineated. It was a nice study and I quite recollect it, though I really have no time to hunt it up again.

ANDREMACHER.—You are of bright mind and fancy, with a taste for social pleasures, good temper, a scorn for detail, good perseverance, some lack of force, much hope and some wit.

BIRDIE B.—I am sure you're a young birdling who hasn't flown far. Your writing looks very school-girlish. You are cautious, thoughtful, strong-willed, honest and very sensible and persevering, a trifle selfish, but also immature.

MYOSOTIS.—Your writing is not very eloquent. It really looks unformed, but has some fine traits. Honestly, caution, good-temper, a firm and decided will, some humor and imagination are shown. I am sure time will improve it.

RAMONA.—You are generous, open-hearted and very honest, bright, vivacious and good-natured, adaptable, fond of beauty, careful and orderly, generally hopeful and not infallible in judgment. While you are careful you are not generally observant.

IDA.—You are good-tempered, fond of fun, and rather bright and pleasant in manner. Energetic and desire for success, discretion and considerable perseverance with good reasoning power, order, care and much power are shown. Tact and finesse are not observable.

MARION.—A bright, observant nature, with inventive imagination and considerable energy, extreme vivacity with much loyalty and intense love of and sympathy with your fellows, judgment not always infallible, order good and some tendency to retrospection rather than anticipation. It is by no means an ordinary study.

PERITY HARRY.—This writing shows much ambition and independence, but some lack of force and method. Writer is orderly, matter-of-fact, and may be allowed to remark, undeveloped to what he might be. Perseverance, sequence of thought and much liking for planning, with prudence and discretion, love of ease and a cheerful disposition are shown.

LOUI.—1. That is as near as I can get to your signature. 2. You are idealistic and a little prejudiced, having a general tendency to despond and take a gray view of things under trial. I am impressed by a certain nervous self-assertion as well as by the extreme unreasonableness and waste of effort in your study. You are somewhat erratic in temper, fond of society, determined to obstinacy in purpose and quite desultory and lacking in sequence of ideas. Surely a willful and efficient woman, aren't you?

QUE.—I should not criticise the peculiarity you mention of seldom writing any one word twice alike. It is an excess of facility, which results in a person's being Jack of all trades and master of none, and bespeaks a too trifling purpose. You are certainly subject to many moods and apt to rush to extremes. However, you are on the whole a fair specimen, reasonably cautious in speech and action, rather generous, energetic and impulsive, with excellent temper and a thorough belief in yourself. You are able to reason pretty fairly and have a decent amount of perseverance. I think some concentration and consideration would improve you.

BIRDIE.—I am sorry not to have been able to oblige you, but I cannot take you out of your turn. And so you are the fiancée of that nice fellow. I congratulate you and am very much interested indeed. 2. Your writing shows intense individuality amounting to self-will and perverseness if not handled judiciously. You are clever, witty and of light but tenacious will. In fact, I should fancy you would not generally get credit for the force you possess. You are extremely hopeful and of strong and somewhat concentrated affection. It is altogether an extremely live and interesting study, and should be the writing of a very smart

and energetic woman, with a pretty healthy ambition to rise.

WHISKERS.—I am glad you promised not to be impatient, though I have probably exceeded your limit. Your "stars" may be original or the result of deep thought; graphologically they don't go far. You may flatter yourself that you have some talent and are by no means lacking in vivacity; but you are very deficient in that artistic sense and ready sympathy which would and beautifully a handwriting. Your determination is good, a fiction large, and truth and honesty fine. I don't think your perception nor sense of proportion are very keen, but you are just an ordinary person with enough force and method to see you pass the level of the ordinary and such good material as is worthy of much increased culture.

J. MAURA.—I think you are Irish, my dear! If not, you are a very good imitation. I was not at all shocked at your writing to me on Sunday. I don't care about seeing a pen or paper on that day myself, but not on account of orthodoxy, as you put it, rather because I see so much of them on other days. 2. You are an impulsive, warm-hearted, idealistic personage; where you like, you like intensely and are apt to prove a firm friend. Some vivacity and sense of proportion but an utter incapacity for logic are shown. I am quite sure you hate formality; if you hadn't confessed it, I'd have told you so. I am desolated for you, that you did not go to the Fair after all. You have just the wile nature that would have worshipped in the Court of Honor and one up thines in the Midway and got all the good out of it! You have the love of the beautiful and the humorous and time will improve some faults in you and your writing. Thanks for your friendly words.



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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - - Editor.

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VOL. VII TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894. [No. 24]

## The Drama.

**D**EPLORABLY small houses have greeted Rhea at the Grand this week. On Tuesday evening the attendance was wretchedly small, the proceeds being scarcely enough to pay for the gas burned. Time was when Rhea was a fashionable attraction, but to tell the truth she never did draw in Toronto as she

should. In other cities she is regarded as one of the stars, and there are critics who sing her praises, and there are actresses who model their art upon her. In some respects she is an artist of unusual strength. For instance, as Josephine, Empress of the French, there are times when her self-suppression is admirable, and in the New Magdalen she displays some rare art of a similar sort. Without a word or a motion she evinces in some way the powerful struggle that is proceeding within her, and then when she speaks her passion develops so naturally and culminates in such an outburst as one would expect from a woman with the history of Mercy Merrick. But her articulation is an insuperable obstacle to her popularity with the galleries, though one would think that the orchestra chairs might be filled with people who could master her eccentricities of speech and appreciate that amount of talent which she undoubtedly possesses. When the lights in the body of a theater have to be lowered in order to shut out from the artists the depressing view of the emptiness that confronts them, no fair presentation of a piece can take place. When, moreover, two such important parts as those of the war correspondent and of the real Grace Roseberry are in incompetent hands, the doom of the production is written, even though the playwright had fashioned a success. Instinctively Mr. Pierce was felt to be unacceptable as Mr. Holmcroft, whereas in Josephine he gives a fine portraiture of Murat, the thunderbolt of war. The real Grace Roseberry is supposed to be a Canadian girl, daughter to a deceased Col. Roseberry, and we are not disposed to thank either the playwright or Miss Minnie Bowen for depicting her, in character and appearance, with all the vulgarity of the worst type of servant girl. Even the injustice put upon her affords no excuse for her limp and dowdy apparel and the brazen way in which she carries herself. The way she poked out her chin and listened belligerently to the remarks of Mercy Merrick, compares with nothing to be seen in Canada save when a husky of a servant girl is being discharged because missing articles have been found in her trunk. Daughters of deceased colonels in Canada are not composed of such stuff, and even daughters of common fathers without education or opportunity of any sort—and without a saving strain of the elegant blood of a Lady Janet Roy—are superior to this creation, which has deteriorated into grossness since it left Wilkie Collins' hands.

The story of The New Magdalen is pretty well known. Mercy Merrick, a fallen woman, has been reformed and is nursing the soldiers of France in the war with Germany. The girl from Canada is struck by a shell and pronounced dead by the French doctor just as the village is evacuated and left to the advancing Germans. Mercy, who had exchanged confidences with the stricken girl, knew that she was proceeding to England, where she was unknown, to cast herself upon the kindness of rich and titled friends, and seeing the letters of introduction, read them and conceived the idea of gaining entrance to a new and good life by personating the deceased Grace Roseberry. She does so, is passed through the lines, reaches England and is idolized by Lady Janet Roy, becomes engaged to Mr. Holmcroft, and is secretly loved by Julian Gray. When the German army enters the village, the head surgeon performs an operation on the head of Grace Roseberry, has her placed in a hospital, where she recovers. Having had on clothing belonging to Mercy Merrick when struck by the shell, her garments are all marked with that name, which she indignantly disowns. She comes to England and presents herself to Lady Janet, where she is regarded as an impostor, and becoming noliy is turned out. Mercy Merrick, who is pretending to be Grace Roseberry, is terribly cut up by the reappearance of this woman, but it is made plain that if she does not make a confession all that the other can do will not cause her to be suspected or turned out. The influence, however, of a good man, Julian Gray, a young clergyman, arouses her conscience and she decides to own her deception. And she does it. Her lover, Holmcroft, drops her in horror because of the black past; Lady Janet, it is clear, can never see her again on any companionable footing, but Julian Gray offers to marry her. She cries out against this, however, and says that she will plunge into her old life. It is conveyed, though, that the influence of the young clergyman will ensure her salvation, the curtain falling as he, over her bowed head, recites the text, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons that need no repentance."

W. S. Hart as Julian Gray was admirable. Gray was a man of unusual personality which this Hart conveyed with vividness. He is

acquiring force each year as an actor. Having traveled to the Mystic Shrine he was accorded a welcome by those exalted Masons in Toronto who have experienced the thirty-two degrees, and the red fez of the order was much in evidence in the front seats Monday night. As Lady Janet Roy, Mrs. Isabel Waldron acquitted herself gracefully, naturally and well. She was a pleasant gentlewoman.

I am glad to introduce into this column the pleasant face of a gentleman who, although not a dramatic artist himself, is doing a signal service to the cause of first-class entertainment in Canada. This is Mr. E. G. M. Shipman, the concert manager, who is doing for this country what a whole host of agencies have long done for the United States, but he is doing it in his own way, his methods being of his own creation and having already proved practical. He has just returned after arranging tours to the Pacific Coast for Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser and Miss Effie Elaine Hext. He has given each of these artists over one hundred engagements during the present season. Mr. Kleiser has now almost closed his tour, which has been a pronounced success



MR. E. G. M. SHIPMAN.

from first to last. Miss Hext will start in June. Mr. Shipman has also closed arrangements with Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smily to make the same tour to the Pacific Coast in August and September. He has already been engaged as next season's manager for several other elocutionists, entertainers, vocalists and musicians, and as a result native talent will be introduced throughout Canada as has never been done before. I do not feel warranted in giving a full list of the professional people whom he will manage, as he is still busy arranging with others. But he is doing a great service to the cause of high-class entertainments, and has laid the foundation for a managerial future. Mr. Shipman is popular alike with the artists and the public, being a gentlemanly and well read fellow, of artistic tastes and joyous temperament. His business address is Hamilton, Ont., and next season he will be handling artists in every province in the Dominion.

The Ramsay benefit concert in the Pavilion on Monday evening last was a most gratifying popular success. The large hall was crowded to the doors by an audience which included many of our leading citizens. The following well known talent participated in the programme: Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mrs. W. E. Ramsay, Miss Marguerite Dunn, Miss Maugie Huston, Messrs. Alex. Gorrie, H. M. Blight, Fred Warrington, D. E. Cameron, Geo. Fox, Owen A. Smily, Harry Rich, George A. Matheson, Pipe-Major Ireland, Signor Dinelli, the Toronto Male Quartette, and the Ideal Banjo and Guitar Club. During the evening Mr. Ramsay was presented with an address and a purse of money, Major Kennedy reading the address. Mr. Ramsay was most enthusiastically received in his own selections and repeatedly recalled. The concert was closed by the singing of Auld Lang Syne, all the assisting artists joining hands on the platform. Mr. Ramsay leaves for England in a few days.

Mr. George R. Joseph, whose abilities both as a musician and a comedian have been highly appreciated on many occasions here this season in connection with first-class entertainment work, made a pronounced hit on his appearance on Monday evening last at the concert held in Dingman's Hall by the members of the



Hon. A. S. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands, in His Office.

From photo by Mr. W. B. Varley of the Toronto Camera Club.

Loyal True Blues. His wonderful method of extracting sweet music out of so unlikely an instrument as a tin coffee-pot amazed and delighted the large audience, whilst his character sketches, in which he appeared as a society swell, a young lady with vocal talent, a Frenchman, and a small boy and girl in trouble respectively with a recitation and a pianoforte solo, were given with a degree of refreshing lightness and complete refinement which stamped him at once as an artist above the ordinary.

The approaching military tournament which is to be held in the New Drill Hall, on the Queen street avenue, on May 17, 18, 19, under the auspices of the several city regiments, is attracting much attention among our citizens, all of whom are interested in anything pertaining to our brave soldier boys. An immense platform, capable of seating three thousand, has been erected in the hall, and a grand programme of military events and displays has been prepared. Already a number of tournament parties are being formed, and there will undoubtedly be a great rush for seats when the plan opens at Nordheimer's on Wednesday next. It promises to be a very fashionable affair, and the intermingling of our citizen soldiers in their many different uniforms with their civilian friends will present a very effective and attractive sight and one seldom surpassed in this city. There will be three evening performances and a Saturday matinee.

There promises to be quite a migration of professional, or semi-professional, people to England this summer. Miss E. Pauline Johnson has started, and while in London will superintend the publication of her book of poems and make a few public appearances. Mr. W. E. Ramsay is also on his way. Messrs. J. J. Ryan and Jake Gaudaur will represent Canadian oarsmen on English waters. The European tour of Calverley, the high wire walker, has, however, been called off for the present summer, owing to his inability to reach Liverpool in time for the first of his series of engagements. His departure was delayed by the slowness with which the final traces of his last year's accident left him, so he will perform in America this season, being now himself again and in regular training.

The officers of the Queen's Own Rifles have secured the Midway Pleasance exhibition, which was such a drawing card at the World's Fair, for the week of June 4 in the new Drill Hall. This will be a big thing, and, like the military tournament that precedes it by a fortnight, will attract people from all over Ontario.

Mr. J. H. Cameron, the well known humorist and elocutionist, has been engaged for an entertainment tour throughout Manitoba and the North-West. Evidently Mr. Cameron is a favorite there, this being his third consecutive tour to the coast. He leaves Toronto the latter part of May, his first engagement being at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on May 28.

Francis Wilson of Erinville fame will make his first appearance in Toronto on Monday night at the Grand. It is claimed that he gives a great production, carrying a first-class company and three car-loads of scenery. Erinville will be sung all week.

Dr. Bill for some reason did not come to Jacobs & Sparrow's this week and the house has been dark. On Monday night The Danger Signal will open a week's engagement.

## Another Touch Needed.

There was a fight on a street in New York. A crowd gathered around a prostrate man. A kind-hearted gentleman examined the wound and said:

"For heaven's sake, send quickly for a doctor; the man is not quite dead yet!"

## The Advice Was Good.

Gas De Smith—I took your advice and hit that fellow the first time he tried to impose on me.

Pete Amsterdam—That was right.

"But he nearly murdered me."

"Pshaw! You didn't hit him hard enough."

"Look here, old chappie, just introduce me to your pretty cousin."

"All right, I'll do so; but mark, if ever you marry her, don't lay the blame on me."

## Hon. A. S. Hardy.

**W**ITH a magnificent voice, sonorous and full of melody, graceful and polished in manner, clean-cut and piercing as the work of a rapier in his argumentative treatment of the subject in hand, the speeches of Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Ontario, are admirable examples of the art of forensic oratory.

The Hardy family belonged to that stern and resolute band of Scotch Covenanters who, for conscience and religion, withstood so much persecution. They were of those who found a refuge in the north of Ireland, and it was from that country Capt. John Hardy came to America, settling, prior to the Revolution, near Philadelphia. In common with many U. E. Loyalists he came to Canada after that eventful period, bringing with him his youngest brother, Alexander, then a mere youth, who was the paternal grandfather of the subject of this sketch. They lived on the banks of the Niagara River, near Queenston Heights, where the Government had granted them large tracts of land. During the famous fight in 1812 some of the wounded were taken into the Hardy homestead, where, from the tower of the house, the women watched the battle as it developed into one of the most glorious victories British history records. After this period Alexander Hardy moved west into Brant county and settled near Canning in South Dumfries, where he erected mills and subsequently became a farmer near Blue Lake. His son Russell, father of Hon. A. S. Hardy, was at one time a merchant and farmer in Mount Pleasant; later in business at Brantford, and thereafter until his death some years ago, storekeeper at the London asylum, his wife being Julietta, daughter of the late William Sturgis of Mount Pleasant.

Arthur Sturgis Hardy was born at Mount Pleasant in the building now occupied by Mr. Devlin as a residence and store, on December 14, '37, the day that the column of Royalists, under Sir Allan McNab, marched through the village to attack the forces of Ellakim Malcolm then gathered at Scotland near by. His early education was acquired at the common school in Mount Pleasant, later at the academy kept there by Mr. W. W. Nelles, one of the most successful of teachers, then at the grammar school of Brant county, and finally in the Rockwood Academy near Guelph. Choosing the law for his profession, he entered the office in Brantford of his uncle, the late Mr. Henry A. Hardy, afterward County Crown Attorney for Norfolk. He completed his legal studies in Toronto under the late Chief Justice Harrison and Prof. Hodgins, LL.B., Q.C. Called to the bar at Easter term, '65, he began practice at Brantford, where he has since continued his legal labors, save for the interruption imposed by his connection with the executive of the Province at Toronto. It was upon the resignation in '73 of the Hon. Edmund Burk Wood, afterwards Chief Justice of Manitoba, from the representation of South Brant in the Legislative Assembly, that Mr. Hardy was elected by that constituency. Since then he has usually been re-elected by acclamation. In March, '77, he entered the Ontario administration as Provincial Secretary and Registrar, and on the resignation of Mr. Timothy Blair Pardee in 1889 he became Commissioner of Crown Lands. As a legislator Mr. Hardy, since his entrance into the House, has taken his full share of work. He has introduced and carried through large measures amending and consolidating the Jurors' Act, the Municipal and Assessment Acts, others connected with the liquor license laws, amendments enlarging the jurisdiction of the Division Courts, general acts relating to the incorporation of joint stock companies, advanced mining legislation, and usually as chairman of the Municipal Committee has had charge of the act embracing all of the amendments of the session to the Municipal Acts, including as that does another class of legislation which is referred to the Municipal Committee, that relating to the provincial drainage laws and ditches and watercourses acts.

Mr. Hardy on January 19, '70, married Mary, daughter of the late Hon. Justice Morrison, and has issue four children.

F. HOWARD ANNES.

By-and-by the American Indians will have nothing but mental reservations to stand on.—Pitcairne.

## Lost At Sea

For Saturday Night.

IN JUNE.  
Beside the sea they stood, upon the cliffs,  
And swallows roved above the sunlit waves  
Or twittered round the fleet of little ships  
That rocked upon the slow sea's swells and caves.

The man, a brown-faced toiler of the sea,  
And she the girl who wedded him that day;  
And both looked forth and thought eternity  
Could never tear that June-time joy away;

And through the long, still summer afternoon  
They lingered, looking out across the sea;  
And twilight stole around them all too soon,  
And shadows fell upon their reverie.

For he and she, as man and maid of old,  
Stood dreaming olden dreams, forever new,  
While sunset tinged the west with red and gold,  
And all the wandering swallows landward flew.

IN SEPTEMBER.

The summer fades, and all along the shore  
The fishers' wives look often to the west  
For sight of home-returning sails once more,  
And often woman-fears rise in the breast.

The autumn winds sweep wreaths of spectral sand  
Among the shadows of the gray, bare rocks,  
And throw long, gloomy waves upon the land,  
And shreds of foam upon the children's locks.

Dear, early twilights shroud the sea in mist,  
And o'er the land has fall'n an autumnal gloom;  
For the returning wanderers exist  
Few lingerings of a summer's old-time bloom.

And down beside the sea the woman stands;  
Her earnest eyes dwell on the ocean's verge;  
She shades her brow with her two small, brown hands,  
And gazes till the dusk creeps o'er the surge.

No glimmer of the well known sail appears,  
And cold with fear and splashed with spray she turns,  
Her face all wet with hot, resentful tears,  
From waves that sing a song she never learns.

And long before the first, faint beam of light  
Has fished the east, she peers through vapors gray,  
Half-hoping that some time within the night  
The longed-for sail had stolen in the bay.

And strangely sad are those long autumn days;  
For spring seems lost beyond the long-gone years,  
And life grows dark a thousand unknown ways,  
Till naught remains except her growing fears.

The swallows flit through the misty air,  
As if with thoughts of south-returning flight;  
Though loth to leave for alien lands, they pair  
And flit away within the silent night.

Like boys who look at some departing sail,  
And see the faint ship fade beyond the blue,  
Her sad, dark eyes watched through the twilight pale  
The gathering birds before they southward flew.

Half-longing that their wings might bear her far  
Beyond all sunset isles, beyond the sea,  
And out beyond the last land's harbor-bar,  
To where she dreams that one loved face to be.

THE RETURN.

One autumn morn when light broke o'er the sea,  
Upon the slowly rolling waves there lay  
The little fleet came home again; and free  
Out-swung the weary sails upon the bay.

And no voice cheered one waiting woman's heart,  
And ere they told her of the missing sail  
They felt she knew, and saw the tremor start  
Across her lips, and all her face grew pale.

But she had somehow dreamed it all alone,  
And as she sat alone upon the sand  
She listened to the old sea's mournful song—  
A song that she could never understand.

OVER THE SEA.

Within the golden west the husband sailed,  
And o'er the ocean waves his lost sail fled;  
For all his June-time love for her had faded;  
'Twas better that his wife should think him dead.

So on a quiet summer eve he sailed  
Away from his old love, as sailors steal  
Away from sea-worn wreck, whose timbers failed;  
And left her that love's loss she might not feel.

Perhaps, he thought, 'tis best she never knew  
He still existed in an alien land;  
And that the warm, lost heart she fancied true  
Had formed a hate it could not understand.

And now he lingers on a distant shore,  
And looks back o'er the sea to his old land,  
To his old love, both lost for evermore;  
And hears the ceaseless waves break on the sand.

ARTHUR J. STANBURY.

## The Heart's Awakening.

For Saturday Night.

Her lips, before so innocent,  
Are red with kisses now;  
A shade of knowledge lies upon  
Her noble marble brow;  
Her eyes drop now as tenderly  
As violets in the sun,  
Her smiles are sweet, her blushes red,  
And shed on everyone.

What is the mighty power  
This wondrous change has wrought?  
That face, before so child-like,  
Is grave with sudden thought;  
Her eyes, like violets limp and  
Shine forth as clear and true,  
But what but love looks out above  
Those lashes edged with dew?

A truant heart is captured,  
Pierced deep by cupid's dart,  
Upon the wand'ring wings of  
Another errant heart  
A kiss! and love's awakened  
To slumber ne'er again;  
Her heart will now know but too well  
Love's pleasure and love's pain.

HUGH KENNEDY.

## The Cloud

For Saturday Night.

Forget! Can I forget that August night  
'Neath the veranda low that clings  
Round the old house, where clustering creeper swings,  
Wind-stir'd 'gainst walls of white?  
Far o'er the tree-tops and the eastern swell  
Dim flash'd the twilight's dawn,  
A cricket piped alone, and sweetly fell  
The moonlight on the lawn.

Your words were few—they oft-times are; but low  
And soft they fell upon a life  
Jangl'd with pain and swept the half-hush'd strife  
Into their hushful flow.  
Music without—and music in the soul,  
Uncertain, and sad and true,  
But strange and sweet, as the dim light that stole  
O'er all the breast-swept lawn.

There came a thick cloud on the moon, and we  
Grew silent as we sat there, I and you;  
While my heart, trembling, ask'd if your heart knew  
The thought that pass'd o'er me.  
For in that cloud I saw the deeper night  
Which even then across my sky had drawn,  
And sweep away life's promise, as the light  
That vanish'd from the lawn. JAS. A. TUCKER.



Sea  
the cliffs,  
the sunlit waves  
little ships  
the swells and caves.  
the sea,  
him that day;  
light eternity  
time joy away;  
mer afternoon  
cross the sea;  
all too soon,  
revere.  
id of old,  
forever new,  
in red and gold,  
ward flow.  
HOBBS.  
the shore  
the west  
e once more,  
the breast.  
as of spectral sand  
y, bare rocks,  
upon the land,  
children's looks.  
sea in mist,  
tumultuous bloom;  
id-time bloom.  
man stands;  
cean's verge;  
o small, brown hands,  
o'er the surge.  
ill appears,  
with spray she turns,  
ul tears,  
he never learns.  
am of light  
through vapors gray,  
in the night  
n the bay.  
autumn days;  
e long-gone years,  
unknown ways,  
growing fears.  
misty air,  
burning night;  
is, they pair  
nights.  
ing sail,  
and the blue,  
gh the twilight pale  
southward fly,  
nt bear her far  
the sea,  
rbor-bar,  
ved face to be.  
s.  
e'er the sea,  
ere lay  
and free  
the bay.  
woman's heart,  
ing sail  
smor stars  
grow pale.  
ill alone,  
and  
ful song—  
retained.  
A.  
d called,  
all red;  
ad failed;  
think him dead.  
usual  
lthers failed;  
light not feel.  
ever knew  
anced true  
understand.  
ure,  
old land,  
re;  
ak on the sand.  
Arthur J. Strainor.  
kening.  
nt,  
upon  
aderly  
binahoe red,  
as wrought?  
like,  
ought;  
d,  
rue,  
st above  
dew?  
dark,  
er creepers swings,  
ern swell  
y fill  
are; but low  
half-bush'd shrubs  
noul,  
light that stole  
on, and we  
you;  
y heart knew  
night  
drawn,  
he light  
JAN A. TUCKER.

Between You and Me.

THE insincerities of life are the little cankers at the root of society. A thoroughly insincere woman should be labeled with an inscription something like this: "Beware of me and take care of me, for chance may make a snare of me." Even though she deceive you not, the very knowledge of her insincerity makes you mistrustful and suspicious of others who may or may not deserve it. When one hears a woman sigh, "Thank heaven, she's gone," after one has heard her coax the departing guest to stay, one feels a creepy notion that the woman may also thank heaven, or any lower power, which hurries one's own exit. That is the true mischief of insincerity. It makes one mistrust everyone. It seems sometimes tiresome to hear people say, "Is she sincere?" but the questioner has always one of two reasons for asking that question; either his or her own falseness makes suspicion natural, or the falseness of some friend or comrade has destroyed reliance in the abstract.

Kindness and truth draw love as the sun draws up the sparkling dew, and I don't believe half of us think how sweet it is to be liked, or we would look about and earn the love of a few more people. One cloudy wet day, in dear old Dublin, the Irish auntie and I were rummaging in an oaken chest where she kept odds and ends of pretty things. She lifted out a small pink hood of Iceland wool and tossed it into my lap, saying, "Take that, dear, for a bit of comfort." I don't know how long that little wrap had lain there before it was thus bestowed upon me, but it has nobly carried out her idea. And there are so many bits of comfort one might bestow or secure, little trifles maybe, but it is trifles that make up life. Think of the power of a carpet-tack, if rightly applied, to torture; of the disaster wrought by a tiny current of air playing on one's bare shoulders or chest; of the potency of those monosyllables, "yes" and "no" at certain times and seasons, and then that bit of comfort is wondrous strong and heartsome when one needs it badly.

I was chatting with a parson the other day, while we waited for a tarrying wedding party, and compared notes about our observations of brides and their ways. The parson and I agreed that never does a girl behave so well, nor look so innocent, as in that short space of time which transforms her from maid to matron. Neither had ever known of a bride who had arrived ahead of time, nor one who got to the church ahead of the bridegroom, that is, when the bridegroom turned up at all. Both of us, I am grieved to relate, knew of cases where the bride arrived first and the groom never joined her. Then just as I was getting ready to draw the good man out about fees and secure a few more good stories to add to a rich list I cherish, the party arrived and the chat was over. By the way, did you ever hear of a queerer fee than a basket of pickling cucumbers? That was once offered to a pioneer Canadian clergyman.

Several people have written asking my opinion of a much-read book of the year, Sarah Grand's Heavenly Twins. I was much taken with it, not for the sake of the twins, who intrude here and there to do mischief and lighten the tension of the tale, but because the story is set in the key of this last decade of the century, and well told. There are mothers who won't allow their daughters to read such books. It seems to me that if I had a daughter I should have told her most of the things which the Heavenly Twins teaches before she was old enough to read novels. Certainly if anyone told her, I think I should prefer to be the one; if she ought to know, only her mother ought to tell her. The days when it was correct to play peek-a-boo with the sad realities of life are gone, we who watch know it, and the girl of today is surprisingly enquiring and earnest, and sensible and brave, almost brave enough to wait in the lengthening shadows of spinsterhood rather than risk the various miseries so cruelly set forth in Mrs. Grand's tale. What she would have us be I don't like to think, but I wish she had given us one happy foolish couple who loved one another dearly, and squabbled and made up, and cuddled their babies, and knew nothing of heredity or the penalty of the second commandment as Mrs. Grand illustrates it.

Have you read about the young American who laid a great wager that he would start on a trip round the world without money or clothes, and in a year accomplish the tour and make a large sum of money beside? I think his first move was so ingenious! He divested himself of every stitch and sent for the committee who were appointed to see the conditions carried out. When they arrived they found a door on which was a placard announcing that the traveler was on exhibition, minus his garments, and ten cents was charged for admission to see him. With the dimes paid in by the party, the voyageur purchased some tough brown paper and fashioned a most killing costume, with sack-coat, trousers, and a grand frill about the neck, and purchased a suit of underwear, probably of a very sleazy and diaphanous variety. In this suit he made his debut and also presently made a sale of the paper outfit to an interested merchant, who paid him enough for it to purchase a common suit of clothes and some shoes, etc. At last accounts the traveler was getting on finely and perhaps the fact that he is both big and handsome, as well as clever and educated, accounts for his success. But at all events, the apparently impossible conditions of his tour, one of which is that he is to receive no presents, nor anything he does not earn, are being easily met and fulfilled.

The man who is scared at ghosts is afraid of nothing.  
Doctor—You cough more easily this morning.  
Patient—I ought to; I practiced all night.  
"Say, pa," asked Freddy, "why is it that when you or Uncle George tell a story you always get laughed at, and when I tell one I get a lickin'?"

THREE NEW NOVELISTS.

WHEN Rudyard Kipling sprang so suddenly into fame it was thought that we would not soon again see an author read the world over in half a year as was the case with him. But we have seen it. There never was a time when a successful book had such opportunities for finding its way all over the world as at present. When a novel succeeds in London it is quickly read in America, India and Australia, and wherever the English language is spoken. J. M. Barrie's fame, once his Window in Thrums and his Little Minister were properly appreciated in London, soon made the journey, and now we are told that the last-named book has reached its thirty-ninth thousand. It was the same way with Sarah Grand's Heavenly Twins, Miss Beatrice Harradan's Ships that Pass in the Night, and other recent stories by other new writers.



STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

But the man who has scored the biggest and best success of all the men in England is Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, an Oxonian and a practicing lawyer until 1890. He has been devoting his time exclusively to literature since then, but it was only late last year that he came to be recognized as the Man of the Hour. He always had a taste for story writing, and at first devoted his talents to short tales, something after the Anthony Trollope model, but one day came to the conclusion that the historical novel should not be the tedious and dreary thing it has so far been, so he set to work. He gives credit to Dr. Conan Doyle for grasping a somewhat similar inspiration in his production of Micah Clarke, but both Doyle and Weyman experienced much trouble in impressing their views upon publishers, and they hawked their productions from house to house in almost vain search of a publisher. However, Weyman has outstripped Conan Doyle in historical fiction. He conceived the idea of writing about France in its fine old romantic days of love and war, deciding to use no "gadzoos" or other obsolete words. Before coming to this conclusion, he had, at the suggestion of Mr. James Payn, written a long novel with his accustomed Trollope flavor, but it was offered to many publishers in vain and he finally destroyed the manuscript. Speaking of this false step, Mr. Weyman says: "By this experience I learned a great deal as to the value of incident and plot, and the danger of any divergence from the story, for the story is the thing." The main idea of this book he afterwards used in The New Rector, published in 1891.



JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

Wolf, his first historical novel, bright and bristling with incident. This appeared serially in The English Illustrated Magazine, and it is an interesting and instructive fact that, even after being so published and much talked of, the author offered it for publication in book form to McMillan & Co. and other publishers, who all refused to touch it. Longman's finally took it up and it made a brilliant success. He does not need to peddle manuscripts now. This, his first great book, was followed by The Story of Francis Cludde, the scenes of which are laid in England, France, Holland and Germany in the closing years of Mary's reign and the opening years of that of Elizabeth. Next he produced A Gentleman of France, which has been called the best historical novel written since Sir Walter Scott published

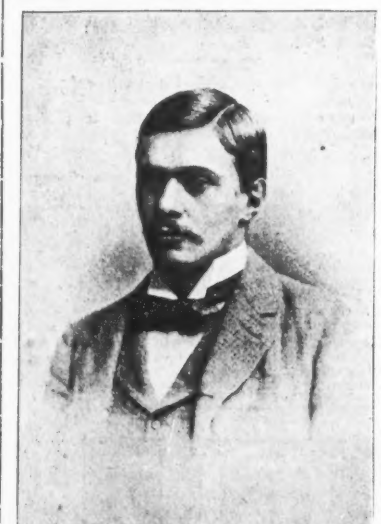
his masterpieces. It was the author's idea to make the gentleman the central and dominating figure in this book, and how well he has succeeded is attested by the strength of the fascination which keeps the reader's allegiance unwavering to Gaston de Bonne through all his adventures undertaken for love of Madeleine de la Vire, while steel flashed up and down through France, and the King of Valois fell by the Jacobin's dagger. In this tale Mr. Weyman's skill is shown in its fullest excellence. The story rushes fast as the Leaguers' horses. The Man in Black, one of his latest stories, was brought out in London last month, and in a few days the entire edition was sold out. Under the Red Robe, illustrated beautifully by R. Caton Woodville, has been appearing in the Illustrated London News, but has probably by this time made its appearance in book form in London. It is a story of France in the days of Cardinal



E. F. BENSON—Author of Dodo.

Richelieu, and for fire, strength and interest equals anything I have ever read. Another of his stories, My Lady Rothera, has at the same time been appearing serially in the New York Sun, and will soon be in the bookstores. Writing of this author in the Bookbuyer for April, W. S. M., Jr., says: "He thinks that what he calls the best novels of the present school—The Master of Ballantrae, The Silver Spur, and Micah Clarke—show a healthy reaction. In particular Mr. Weyman is an enthusiastic admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson, and reads his books over and over again, along with Pickwick, Quentin Durward, Martin Chuzzlewit, Thackeray's Christmas Books, Lorna Doone and Henry Kingsley's matchless Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn. He likes to read Vanity Fair, Pendennis, and Adam Bede, but (he says) 'I turn oftenest to cheerful books—to books in which my old friends marry well; for I think the scope of a novel is properly limited to providing sound, wholesome amusement. The novelist should not strive either to preach or to prove, but merely to portray.' Which shows that he is a wise man as well as a brilliant writer."

Another young man who has made himself famous in a day is Mr. E. F. Benson, author of Dodo. This book has been alternately praised and blamed, and readers of it, in Canada at least, split very evenly in disputing whether it is a marvel of genius or a conglomeration of rot. As for me I can scarcely understand the furor it has occasioned in the world's metropolises, and must reserve judgment upon its author until his new story, The



E. F. BENSON—Author of Dodo.

Rabicon, which has just come from press, reaches us in Canada. He was pretty well summed up by a newspaper verse-maker, who prepared the Nursery Rhymes for Novellists, which, by the way, are being quoted more widely than anything of the sort for years:  
Author of Dodo, quite the mode,  
How does your novel grow?  
With profanity shocking, and great show of stocking,  
And "smat" folks all in a row.

brought out three books, entitled respectively, Some Emotions and a Moral, A Sinner's Comedy and A Study in Temptations, all of which have caused a great deal of talk. She has been criticized severely, but her books sell. She is notably cynical in her writings, and, to quote again from those Nursery Rhymes for Novellists, she is well hit-off as follows:  
John Oliver Hobbes, with your spams and throbs,  
How does your novel grow?  
With cynical sneers at young Love and his tears,  
And epigrams all in a row.  
This is just about the way her novel proceeds, "with cynical sneers at young Love and his tears," but we get such a surfeit of love and tears in novels that we can enjoy a few clever sneers now and then. John Oliver Hobbes is at present collaborating with Mr. George Moore on a play founded upon her latest story, A Bundle of Life. Just how this will pan out remains to be seen, but as Oscar Wilde's plays take well, and as Hobbes rivals him in the making of epigrams, the venture should succeed.

London, Ont. FREELAND HOPE.  
Proverbs in Jamaica.  
Lily water kill big fire.  
Rain neber fall on one man's door.  
Coward man keep whole bones.  
You eber see empty bag 'tand up!  
Alligator lay egg, but him no fowl.  
When tiger get ole, dog bark after him.  
Shoes alone know if stocking hab hole.  
Table napkin want to turn tablecloth.  
Beggar beg from beggar neber get rich.  
Cotton neber so big but lily axe cut him.  
Put me down softly, me a cracked plate.  
No for want of tongue make cow no talk.  
One tref no like well noder tref carry big bag.  
When man say him no mind, den him mind.  
When cow no hab tail, Goraumighty brush fly.  
Sickness ride horse, come; take foot, go away.  
Nanny goat neber scratch him till him see wall.  
Rockastone (stone) at ribber bottom no know sun hot.  
Cockroach eber so drunk, him no walk past fowl-yard.  
Ebery day da fishing day, but ebery day no for catch fish.  
When man no done grow, him neber should cuss long man.  
When man drunk, him walk an' tagger; wo-man sit down and consider.  
When black man tref, him tref half a bit; when buckra tref, him tref whole estate.  
You shake man's han', you no shake him heart.  
FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

A Snake's Big Lunch.  
The director of the Zoological Gardens, Adelaide, has been so good as to send me a remarkable photograph. At first sight it looks like an alligator, a little softened and flattened out; but it is not an alligator, and though the same thing has once before—but only once—been seen in this country, no human being would ever guess what it was. Curiously enough, the only hint as to its nature is to be found, so far as I know, in the columns of that well known organ of science and natural history, Punch, for the year (I think) 1851. In a review of Samuel Warren's Lily and the Bee, these now mysterious lines are to be found:  
The Boa that belted the blanket,  
Speckled Kestrel!

They were very popular, and for some years every faddist and fanatic—of which, however, there was not such a plentiful crop as nowadays—was called "speckled." They were written upon a real event, for the largest serpent in our Zoological Gardens did swallow his blanket, and died in consequence of indigestion. And now the boa constrictor at Adelaide has done the very same thing and survived the experiment. It was not, indeed, a blanket, but a railway rug, and it is the photograph of that novel article of food that has been sent to me. It was swallowed on January 3 last and given up on February 2. "It does not appear," writes my correspondent, "to have suffered much, either in texture or tone, during a month all but a day in the serpent's stomach, but it has taken the form of the reptile, being rounded to a long thin point, and it is twisted like a wet blanket hard wrung out. There are stains where the gastric juices have striven to operate. When the boa was discovered with his bedding half swallowed he was in a tearing rage, and darted so savagely at the plate-glass front of his den that both the keeper and my self had to keep out of sight. The rug was seven feet by six feet, but it has been reduced by swallowing and folding to five feet three inches. It weighed, when dry, ten and a half pounds; eight of the reptile's teeth were found sticking in it, but only four are shown in the photo."—James Payn in London News.

They All Knew What to Do.  
The crowd had gathered about a horse and buggy in the middle of the street. The horse had balked.  
"Tie a string around his ear," said one of the bystanders. "It gives him something else to think of. I never knew it to fail."  
A string was produced and wound tightly round one of the animal's ears.  
It had no effect.  
"Blindfold him," suggested another.  
A bandage was tied over his eyes and an effort made to start him.  
Same result.  
"Back him."  
"He won't back," said the exasperated owner.  
"I tried that."  
"Try him with an ear of corn."  
The ear of corn failed to move the obstinate horse.  
"I'll see if I can't persuade him some other way," said the exasperated owner of the animal.  
He took a whip and belabored the beast with it till somebody threatened to have him arrested.  
Then he kicked him a while.  
All in vain.  
Finally a benevolent-looking old gentleman forced his way through the crowd and said:  
"I have seen a great many balky horses started by building a fire under them. Can you get some straw or shavings?"

A boy was sent to a neighboring furniture store for some excelsior. He came back presently with a huge armful. It was placed on the ground under the horse and a lighted match touched to it.  
As the first feeble flame rose from it and the smoke began to curl about his legs the horse unbent a little. He turned his head, took a calm survey of the situation, and when the combustible stuff burst into a big blaze he moved forward about six feet, in full possession of his faculties, and without any unnecessary haste, and stopped again.  
And the elegant buggy was damaged twenty-five dollars' worth by the flames before it occurred to anybody to scatter the blazing stuff.  
And then an old colored man in a faded suit of second-hand clothes and a hat with half the brim gone, went out and spoke kindly to the high-spirited animal, rubbed his nose, patted him on the neck, climbed into the damaged buggy and said, "Git along, sonny."  
And the horse moved off at a brisk trot, with his head high in the air.—Chicago Tribune.

A Heavenly Smile Was on His Face.  
It was a through train.  
And the weary night dragged itself reluctantly along.  
"Little boy," said the gentle, soft-voiced young man, who had been trying for hours in vain to sleep, as he leaned across the aisle and spoke to a restless, wide-awake youngster, who was taking his first ride on the cars and didn't want to sleep anyhow, "do you see that fat old gentleman near the middle of the car, with his head leaning back on the seat?"  
"That old man that's snoring so loud?"  
"Yes."  
"Been snoring ever so long, hasn't he?"  
"I think he has. In fact, I am quite sure he has. You see him, do you?"  
"Yep."  
"You'd like to earn a dime, wouldn't you, little boy?"  
"Bet I would."  
"Well, I'm his physician. He's traveling for his health. You see this half of a lemon do you?"  
"Yep."  
"About this time every night I prescribe lemon juice for him. What I want you to do, little boy—here's your dime—is to go quietly down the aisle, get into the seat behind him and squeeze the juice of this half lemon right into his wide open mouth."  
"Mebby he won't like it."  
"Yes he will. It's the way I always administer it. He'll swallow it and be a great deal better. Here's another dime. Go and give him the lemon juice and say nothing about it."  
When the tumult had subsided and the suddenly awakened passengers had become comparatively calm again, it was noticed that a mild-looking young man who occupied a seat across the aisle from a restless, wide-awake youngster, was fast asleep, with a heavenly smile on his youthful, innocent face.—Chicago Tribune.

Tackled the Wrong Man.  
Mr. Jimsmith, the lawyer, whose name is a household word in Chicago, recently moved into a beautiful suburban home. He is highly pleased with it in a general way, but so many agents call upon him that he finds it rather a bore. The other day he opened the door to twelve agents before the afternoon was half over, and when he was summoned to the door for the thirteenth time he was mad enough to fight a herd of porcupines. A tall, sad-eyed man, dressed in black, confronted him and started to say something, but Mr. Jimsmith interrupted him:  
"You don't need to tell me what you have to sell, because I don't want it. I don't need a burglar-proof clock, nor a bootjack that has a music box in it, nor a stem-winding can-opener. I don't—"  
"My dear sir, you are mis—"  
"Oh, you don't need to 'dearsir' me; it won't work. I tell you I don't want a gate that may be taken from its hinges and used as a folding-bed. I have no use for a combined curry comb and mustache cup. I have a full supply of furniture polish, cough medicine and hair restorer; and what's more, my wife doesn't need a recipe for preserving codfish or frying billiard balls."  
"Really, sir, this is a most extraordinary—"  
"Oh, of course, it's extraordinary, but I don't want it. I suppose it can be used to grate horseradish and tune the piano, but I tell you that I don't need it. Perhaps it will take the grease spots out of clothing, pare apples, and chase dogs out of the yard, but you'll have to go somewhere else to sell it. I am surprised that a man of your age and respectable appearance should go around trying to sell pocket cornshellers when the whole neighborhood is full of wood that ought to be sawed. What's the use of trying to sell a man a fire-escape when you can make a dollar a day baling hay."  
"I am not an agent."  
"Then what are you?"  
"I'm the pastor of the Orthodox Brethren Church, and I came over to get acquainted, not knowing that you were running a private madhouse. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

Odd Firm Names  
I was going down a street in St. Louis when I saw that A. Gander was in the grain business, which is certainly appropriate, and it called to mind a number of like instances that I have seen in different sections of the country. In Chattanooga an undertaker is named Gay; in Mobile the former keeper of a cemetery was named Graves; in South Pittsburg there is a law firm named Bright & Early; in Marion, Indiana, a law firm which formerly existed was Robb & Steele; in Mount Vernon, Illinois, is a sign reading "Fly Coffin Shop"; in Rushville a hotel firm used to be Cook & Fry; a sign in Paxton, Illinois, reads, "A Sample Lawyer"; in Troy, New York, a butcher is named Calf killer; near Lynn, Massachusetts, two farmers got into a lawsuit, which was entitled Hay-maker vs. Turnipseed; a man named Apple is in the fruit business at Indianapolis; Sickman is the name of a doctor in Cincinnati; Hoss & Harness is a lively-stable firm in Kokomo, Indiana; a man named Boatman runs a ferry in Mississippi.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.



## Short Stories Retold.

Some was sent a photograph of W. D. Howells, the novelist, and Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, to the detective department of Chicago for identification. The opinion of the department was that, while no conviction could be traced to these gentlemen, they were undoubtedly crooks.

A certain city in England sent a deputation to Charles II., who was very ill, soliciting some favor. The orator, without any mercy to the sick man, made a long, tedious discourse. "Have you anything more to say?" asked the merry monarch impatiently. "Nothing," replied the orator, "except that if you do not grant our request I am instructed to recite my speech over again." Charles ordered that all his demands should be freely and instantaneously complied with.

The wife of a certain distinguished English statesman is occasionally absent-minded. On one occasion she gave a dance. The guests were surprised to notice, as the evening went on, that the masculine—or, at all events, the bachelor—portion of the community was conspicuous by its absence. This being mentioned by one of the family to the lady, the reason suddenly occurred to her, and she explained, "Oh, dear, I quite forgot to send out the men's invitations. They are all in that bag under the sofa."

A certain French king loved a laugh as well as he loved his dinner. Halting at a village one day to dine, he gave orders that whoever was reputed the greatest wit should be brought to amuse him during the repast. On the appearance of the rustic prodigy, he commanded him to sit down on the other side of the table. "What is your name?" enquired the king. "Sire, my name is Gaillard." "Ah, and what is the difference between Gaillard and paillard—a lewd fellow?" "Sire," was the unexpected reply, "there is only the table between them." "Ah, ha!" laughed Henri, "he has me there! I never expected to find so much wit in so little a village."

Sarony, the great American photographer, tells this story: "When Garfield and Hancock were opposing candidates for the presidency, I photographed them both within a few days of each other. They were truly great men. I placed my hand over the lower portion of General Hancock's face and said to him: 'You have a fine head, fine nose, fine eyes and fine mouth, but your chin is weak.' He looked at me curiously for a moment, and answered simply, 'You are right.' 'You need a goatee,' I continued. 'I wore one during the war,' he replied, with a little show of pride, as he straightened up his magnificent shoulders. My suggestion that a goatee be painted into the photograph was accepted, and therefore a tuft of hair covered the general's chin in all of his campaign pictures."

In Mississippi there used to be a county where it was almost impossible to hold court on account of the lawless backwoods element. Judge Clarke once went there to hold court. The first day he had a bucket of water poured over him from a chimney-hole in the roof, and several pistol-shots were fired in the courtroom. The next day, as he opened the court, he laid two large pistols on the desk, and at the first sign of disturbance leveled the pistol at the man and conducted him to jail. After that there was no more disturbance, and the better element of the community were anxious that he should return the next term; but he declined with a sentence that has passed into a political proverb in Mississippi: "I regarded my coming into this county as an adventure; I regard my leaving it as an escape."

The great-nephew of the King of Naples, Count Joachim Murat, is about to publish very shortly a work dealing with the Napoleonic era and the career of his famous kinsman, the *beau sabreur*, the matchless Murat. It is interesting to recall that after the death of the King of Naples the Murats found their way to the United States and settled down in New Jersey. They became absolutely Yankee, and even now they all, even the Duchess de Mouchy, talk English with the strongest transatlantic twang imaginable. The old settler in the States was a very illiterate man, and on one occasion referred to the vicissitudes of his family in the following terms: "My father was born a pheasant and died a king; I was born a king and shall in all probability die a pheasant." Needless to say, he meant peasant. He used to go about with the famous white plumes of his father in a box. They grew to be sadly soiled and moth-eaten. Of course his cousin, Louis Napoleon, took him up, and after the *coup d'état* and the restoration of the Empire, did everything for him and his family, paying the debts of one of his sons, Prince Achille, who married the Princess Salome of Mingrelia, over and over again, and marrying his daughter Anna to Antoine, Duc de Mouchy and Prince de Polix.

Shortly after the death of Napoleon III. the Empress Eugenie, who had been a patron and admirer of the great French sculptor, Carpeaux, gave him a commission for a group representing Polyphemus smashing Aias under a piece of rock; but Carpeaux, who did not care for the subject, took it easy and made as if he had forgotten the affair altogether. One day, however, the Empress asked him how he was going on, and when she could see the *maquette*. "Ah, yes, yes," said Carpeaux, "the *maquette*, it is all right." "Is it already far advanced?" asked Eugenie. "Pretty far, madame, pretty far." The day after, the Empress drove to Auteuil, accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting and a gentleman of the Court. Carpeaux turned visibly red at the sight of the party, but soon regaining his equanimity he brought them to his studio. "Well, Carpeaux," said the Empress, "where is my group?" "Here, your Majesty," answered the sculptor, taking a dirty rag off a rough block of modeling clay. The Empress looked askance at the artist. "This is the rock," he said coolly. "Ah! and where is Aias?" "Under the rock, your Majesty, entirely hidden, smashed." "Ah! and Polyphemus?" "Polyphemus! Do you think him stupid enough to stay after he had done the deed?"

Derby is the best plug smoking tobacco in the market. Have you tried it?

## In a Quandary.



Bachelor uncle (who has been left in charge of the baby)—I wonder what the devil he wants now!—Judge.

## Strange Waywardness.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter and poet, had impulsive and hot-headed ways, which might have caused his detractors to consider him a spoiled child. One day, when he was sitting upon the ground, leaning on his easel, it came down with a picture which had given him a great deal of trouble, and the china palette, breaking, cut his hands.

"This has ended it all!" he cried. "I shall have lockjaw; and a very good thing, too! I've had enough of this work!"

"Nonsense, Gabriel!" said Harry Quilter, who tells the story in his *Preferences*. "People don't have lockjaw simply because they cut their thumbs!"

"If people cut their thumbs they always have lockjaw," he returned. "Well, I'm glad I shall never touch this picture again!" And he never did touch it.

He was both romantic and shrewd, and among Yankee speculators there are few keener men of business than was this child-like genius. Yet he treated the purchasers of his pictures with scant courtesy. George Rae, a banker and a fine judge of art, had bought several of them, but he objected to the price Rossetti had set on *The Bride*. A few days after he returned and Rossetti greeted him sarcastically.

"What do you want for your picture?" asked Rae.

"Three hundred guineas."

"Why, you offered it to me for two hundred and fifty!"

"I really don't remember," was the lordly reply; "perhaps I did. But why didn't you take it? Well, you may have it for three hundred pounds. If the odd shillings are of any use to you, Rae, you're welcome to them!"

It was sometimes a wonder to those who knew Rossetti casually that his friends bore so patiently with his moods and impulses, but it was nevertheless true that he was deeply beloved and that his faults were universally tolerated.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Superstitions About Playing-Cards.

One of the most common superstitions is that where a card player who is not having good luck gets up and solemnly walks around his chair three times in order to propitiate fortune; or the player will call for a new pack of cards.

The partners in a game of cards who have the grain of the table running between them are also supposed to be helped thereby. This, I am told, is an Irish superstition.

If you are a card-player, and, not having a table in your room, start to play cards on the bed, then beware, for this is an act sure to bring misfortunes innumerable.

Never throw a pack of cards at anyone, as the act will bring all kinds of bad luck to the person struck.

When you have a pack of cards which have seen their best days, do not commit the imprudence of giving them away. It is also bad luck. The proper plan is to burn them, and preferably with pepper and salt.

The belief that a large number of people have in the efficacy of fortune-telling by cards is too well known to dwell upon. These people, when a fortune-teller is not convenient, will often pick out their own fortune by means of divers kinds of solitaire.

Then there is the old proverb, "Lucky at cards, unlucky at love."

In a game of cards it is considered unlucky to a player to rest your foot on the back rung of

his chair while looking at the game. Rest your foot on one of the side rungs or on the seat of the chair, but the back rung never.

One of the most curious superstitions I have met with is one which was told me of an old Irishman who could never be persuaded to play cards unless he wore his hat. When pressed for a reason he finally gave this one: The devil is always around when card-playing is in progress, and not to wear a hat would be a sign of respect to his majesty, and that would bring bad luck.—*American Notes and Queries*.

## A Verbatim Quotation.

A country clergyman kept a young servant lad. One Sunday morning before service he gave him his orders about the dinner, and said:

"Go to neighbor David and ask him from me to let you have some tripe on credit, and then prepare me a nice plateful."

The lad did as he was told, and the clergyman went to conduct the service. As he stood in the pulpit he called out in the middle of his sermon:

"And on this subject, brethren, what does David say?"

At that moment his little valet stepped into the church and, in the belief that his master was addressing him, he replied:

"Please, sir, he says: 'No money no tripe!'"

—*Le Baillarge*.

Hotel proprietor—We don't allow any games of chance here.

Gambler—This isn't a game of chance. My friend here has no chance.

Derby is the best plug smoking tobacco in the market. Have you tried it?

## His Opportunity.

The Girl—I want you to help me make him jealous, awfully, wildly jealous.

The Man—Er—let's get married.

Priestley's Cravenettes may be had in all the newest fabrics. Absolutely rain-repelling they are not to be distinguished from the same goods not waterproofed. This is their great merit. Cravenettes includes serges and all dress fabrics. They are perfectly porous, non-odorous and they never change in appearance. These are merits which no other waterproofing process has been able to demonstrate. They are rolled on "The Varnished Board," like all Priestley's dress goods.

## Ready to Go Off.

Notwithstanding the prisoner was still drunk, he begged the judge to let him go.

"But I can't discharge you," argued the judge.

"Why not?" pleaded the prisoner; "ain't I loaded?"

## 160 World's Fair Photos For \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Ill., and the portfolio of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

## The Three Smallest Horses.

In 1848 what was believed to be the smallest specimen of the equine race in the known world was Queen Mab, a pampered pet at the London Zoological Gardens. Mab was brought to this country when twelve years old but only lived three months after her arrival in New York. One account says she was only nineteen

inches high, another that she was twenty-six inches, both measurements probably correct but taken at different times.

A few years ago the Baroness Burdett-Coutts owned a Shetland pony only fourteen inches high and eighteen inches in length.

But the smallest horse brute in existence belongs to the Shah of Persia. It is twelve and one-half inches high and wears gold shoes worth twenty dollars each.—*St. Louis Republic*.

## California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## Crustaceans of the Diamond.

"Now, Miss Filkins," said the teacher of zoology in the seminary, "crustaceans wear their skeletons outside their bodies. The crab is an example; so is the lobster. Can you name another?"

"A baseball player does, I think."

"A baseball player!"

"Yes'm. When I went to the game yesterday I saw the catcher take a set of ribs and bang them over his chest, just too easy for anything."—*Washington Star*.

## English Opinion.

A writer in *Herald's* London, England, *Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big.

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

## Convenient and Inexpensive.

Jobson—I save myself a great deal of annoyance and trouble by having a pair of suspenders for every pair of my trousers.

Dobson—That's quite an idea. But isn't it a little expensive? How many suspenders do you have to keep on hand, old man?

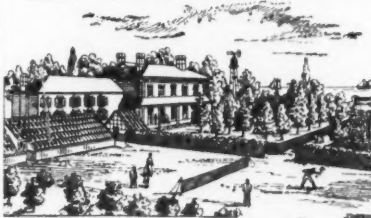
Jobson—One pair.

Have you tried Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs?

## The Way We Write.

About the year 450 B.C. the Ionians introduced the present system of writing from left to right. Previous to that date the custom was to run from right to left. At the same time the method known as the *boustrophedon* (that is, alternately from right to left and from left to right) was somewhat extensively practiced. The ancient Hebrew and Greek languages were written from right to left until about the year 430 B.C., when the forms of the

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Greek letters were changed from uncial to the cursive, and the manner of writing was changed from right to left, to left to right.

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DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.

Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.



## Gowns For Girls.

**H**IGH waists with long large sleeves are prescribed at many schools for Commencement dresses, whether for day or evening. The freshest models have a belted waist gathered over a fitted lining of Victoria lawn that is low in the neck, and trimmed with lace or beading, with baby-ribbon drawn through it as in corset covers. Some waists have a square yoke of insertions and puffs, others are entirely of length-wise puffs between embroidered or lace insertions, and others, full at the neck as at the belt, have cross-rows of insertion in front and back. Sleeves without lining have a wide puff to the elbow, or two or three puffs, or else they are in mutton-leg shape. Some sleeves have three epaulettes of embroidery at the top and others have insertions length-wise in the puff reaching to the elbow, and going around the closed lower part, or else the elbow puff is finished with a lace ruffle falling toward the hand. White satin or *moiré* ribbons two inches and a half or three inches wide are chosen for these gowns, and are used very simply. A band of the ribbon is drawn in folds around the collar-band as a stock, and ends in the back in a bow with horizontal loops. With this is a ribbon belt, with a similar crosswise bow in front, and a drooping bow at the back, with short ends or long sash ends as one chooses. To trim the waist further, the ribbon starts from the belt in the back, and coming up as braces, crosses the shoulders to end in front at the end of the yoke in a small rosette close against each sleeve. When this trimming is not used, a wider ribbon forms a large bow across the breast, usually at the end of the yoke. Skirts escape the floor, and may be single or double over a gored foundation skirt of Victoria lawn or Indian linen, finished at the foot with a ruffle of the lawn and an inner dust flounce. Rows of Valenciennes insertion are around single skirts, with a flounce of the lace at the foot. Butter-colored *guipure* insertion is in lengthwise rows from waist to knee on imported dresses of dotted Swiss muslin. Very simple silky multi skirts four yards wide hang with grace from waist to instep without trimming, or they have a hem headed by insertion, or a single flounce with insertions to give a pretty flare at the foot. For older girls' dresses three wide ruffles of embroidered nainsook are put around the skirt, or else the entire skirt is covered with narrower ruffles.

For organdy, mull, or lawn dresses, a pretty model has an over-skirt reaching only to the knee in front, and lengthening down the sides to fall full to the end in the back. This and the lower skirt each have two insertions of Valenciennes around them and a lace ruffle on the edge. A full waist becoming to slight undeveloped figures is gathered all around the collar band, and trimmed below the collar with four cross-wise insertions, the two upper rows going into the armholes in front and back, the two others going all the way round just under the arms. The collar is of lace insertion, draped like a stock, and has a crossbow of lace in the back where the waist fastens. Immense sleeve puffs reaching to the elbow have six lengthwise insertions, their close lower part having three rows around, with a frill of lace on the hand. Satin ribbons two inches wide come up from the belt in the back to end in a *chou* in front of each arm. The belt of the same ribbon goes straight over the skirt belt, is attached only at the back, and ends there in a row of six projecting loops, three loops being sewed on each end of the belt where it hooks. The waist is long enough to extend just inside the belt. A pin-dotted Swiss muslin dress for a girl of eighteen or twenty years has a high waist hooked invisibly on the left, made entirely of lengthwise puffs, six in front and back alike, between insertions of open nainsook embroidery only half an inch wide. These puffs taper to the belt-line, and a single wider puff is under each arm. Unlined gigot sleeves have two puffs around the close lower part between three rows of insertion, and a trill of embroidery falls on the hand. This embroidery is of pin-dotted Swiss muslin with three rows of eyelets on its pointed edge—a very effective trimming. The skirt, only three yards wide, with a front gore, one gore each side, and a straight back breadth, is covered nearly to the waist with scant ruffles of the embroidery. The collar of white *moiré* ribbon, three inches wide, has a large horizontal bow at the back, while the belt has a similar bow with two long ends.

Another dress of similar dotted muslin for a girl of sixteen, perhaps a high school graduate, has a skirt of five narrow gored breadths reaching only to the ankle and trimmed with a single flounce eight inches deep, having a row of Valenciennes insertion above an inch-wide hem, and edged with narrow lace. A square yoke of four or six lengthwise puffs, with insertions between, has full epaulettes of lace gathered to fall over the tops of gigot sleeves. The full lower part of the waist is attached to the yoke by an erect ruffle of the muslin an inch wide when doubled, and the end goes under the belt of the skirt when gathered in front and back at the line of the waist. Satin ribbon braces come up the back over the shoulders to a *chou* at each end of the yoke in front. A belt of the ribbon has a bow in front with horizontal loops and a different bow in the back with drooping loops and short ends. The draped collar is of insertion, with a lace bow in the back. The fancy this season is for white hosiery and white Suede slippers, with white gowns, but graduates who prefer black stockings and slippers will wear them. White Suede gloves complete the girlish toilette.

The appearance of silk aprons, hand painted, in the large stores of New York, indicates a general adoption of the sensible English fashion of wearing aprons in one's own house on all but state occasions. They may be as elegant as desired. Some are of Liberty silk heavily trimmed with lace, or merely a sash of silk with an entire lace front for the apron itself. Valenciennes and watered ribbon are admirable for a young girl, while old ladies indulge in black satin, richly embroidered. A serviceable and pretty morning apron often seen in England is of black silk, one breadth being used for the skirt, which is gathered on a band to which is attached a short straight bib. The

bib and bottom of the apron are scalloped and button-hole stitched, and there is smocking or Russian cross-stitch in silks or cottons to a depth of three inches. An effective design is done in red marking cotton, a simple pattern in cross-stitch with cat-stitching separating the different rows. These aprons will wash like linen, and keep clean much longer. A garden apron, which we should find equally convenient, is made of ticking, preferably the narrow stripe. It should have at least two, if not three, deep pockets low down, so as to be convenient for carrying twine, tacks and even a small hammer. The material is practically water-proof, and its frequent use in fancy work suggests various ways of making it look pretty. LA MODE.

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## The Ordeal of the Duel.

It had attained a vigorous manhood among the tribes of Northern Europe before their written history began. It reached its legal prime in the early feudal ages, and enjoyed a new era of activity under the auspices of later chivalry. Its hardy constitution enabled it to set at naught the attacks of time, religion and civilization until it was a hoary-headed anachronism long surviving its usefulness. Ordeals of various kinds, in their essence a passive appeal to the power of nature as the voice of God, once formed part of the judicial system of almost every nation, whether of the East or West. Trial by combat, on the contrary, in which the litigants were instruments in the appeal as well as subjects of it, had no such universality. Angry men have fought from the beginning, and will fight until the end. But trial by combat, a deliberate staking of a plea upon the issue of a duel, is a different and far higher thing.

It was not known to the Oriental races until after contact with the nascent chivalry of the West. It did not exist among the ancient Egyptians. We must reject, as Pope Nicholas I. did in the year 867, the argument that it was divinely instituted when David with his sling slew the mighty men of war of the Philistines. It was not practiced by the Greeks. It was a department of jurisprudence which found no place in the codes of Roman Emperors or in the treatises of Roman jurists. It is true that it comes to the front in history at a time when the mistress of the world began to "droop and slowly die upon her throne," but it was not a growth likely to spring from the decaying tissues of a high civilization grown corrupt. Its roots must be sought in lands inhabited by a people not yet advanced beyond the barbarian stage.

## Taking no Risks.

"Waiter," said the cautious guest, "I see you have canvasback duck on the bill of fare. Can you warrant it to be canvasback duck?"

"I can, sir," replied the waiter.

"I don't believe it. I see you also claim to serve tenderloin steaks. Are they really tenderloin steaks?"

"They are."

"It is simply impossible. There is only one real, genuine tenderloin steak in a beef, and you can't kill a cow for every man who calls for a steak of that kind. Hum—let me see. Broiled red snapper. Sure it's red snapper?"

"Yes, sir."

"I doubt it. You can easily make Mississippi River buffalo look like red snapper. Um—spring lamb, mint sauce. Old mutton, without a doubt. Waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me some fried liver."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## They Fall Up and Get Hurt.

The fish that live at enormous depths are, in consequence of the enormous pressure, liable to a curious form of accident. If, in chasing their prey or for any other reason, they rise to any considerable distance above the floor of the ocean, the gases of their swimming bladder become considerably expanded and their specific gravity greatly reduced; up to a certain limit the muscles of their bodies can counteract the tendency to float upward and enable the fish to regain its proper sphere of

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life at the bottom, but beyond that limit the muscles are not strong enough to drive the body downward, and the fish, becoming more and more distended as it goes, is gradually killed on its long and involuntary journey to the surface of the sea.

The deep sea fish, then, are exposed to a danger that no other animals in the world are subject to—namely: that of tumbling upward. That such accidents do occasionally occur is evidenced by the fact that some fish, which are known to be true deep sea forms, were discovered dead and floating on the surface of the ocean long before our modern investigations were commenced.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

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## His Pride.

A gentleman who once made a tour of the Tennessee mountain district says that the lameness of his horse compelled him to stay all day at the rude home of one of the mountaineers, who, in a shiftless, half hearted way, cultivated a few acres of corn-land in the valley.

During the day the man's son, a long, leathery, bony young fellow about twenty years old, and at the least six feet two inches tall, was told to go to the "settlement," three miles distant, for some coffee.

His costume consisted of a "hick'ry" shirt and a pair of cotton trousers rolled to the knees above his bare feet. Before starting he went into the cabin for a moment, and when he came out he had added a paper collar and a huge brass breast-plate, whereupon his father said, partly to his son and partly to the stranger:

"Thar yer ar' g'in, rigged out in all that thar finery! I tell ye, mister, that thar boy's pride is bound ter be the ruination of 'im yit. All he thinks of is finery. Fast thing he knows he'll be gittin' ter proud tew go tew meetin' bar-footed."—*Youth's Companion.*

## No Kings Wanted

When one remembers the ease with which General Boulanger rose to a dangerous eminence in France and observes the disposition on the part of a certain element in that country to inflate General Doda, the "hero" of the Abyssinian war, to the proportions of a Caesar, it must arouse a feeling of confidence and pride in the institutions and conservative spirit of our own country to recall the absence of any such hero-worship at the conclusion of our war. In our entire history only one man was ever solicited to become its king, and he spurned the thought as an insult to his patriotism and showed unmistakable grief that any of his countrymen should think so poorly of him as to make the offer. When Mr. Jefferson told Washington at Mount Vernon that an effort was still being made to monarchize the government, the old warrior's face assumed its sternest look, and stretching out his arm, he said, "I will pour out every drop of blood in these veins before one step shall be taken in that direction."—*New York World.*

## Bullet Proof Clothing.

Herr Dowe of Berlin, the inventor of the "bullet-proof coat," recently invited several

Left It to Her.



She—Well, what do you want?  
Tramp—Me an' me pal left a dispute to you, Mim.  
She—What is the dispute?  
Tramp—As to whether you looks more like Mrs. Langtry or Helen of Troy. We had a bet of a lunch on it, Mim, an' if you would kindly decide the bet an' loan us the lunch, we'd be much obliged.—*Harper's Bazar.*



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Table Napkins, 1c. each; Table Cloths, 4c. each; Sheets, 3c. each; Pillow Slips, 2c. each; Towels, 1c. each; Roller Towels, 2c. each; Spreads, 10c. each; Toilet Covers, 5c. each.

NOTICE—Not less than 30 pieces will be received at the above rates.



## Your Family

would appreciate a good cup of Tea. By purchasing Ram Lal's you give them the very best. TRY IT... In Sealed Lead Packets Only

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Montreal

persons to witness a trial of the coat's value. First a bullet was fired from the magazine rifle now in use in the German army at a block of oak, which it pierced. Herr Dowe then, dressed in his coat, had himself fired at. The bullet remained embedded in the coat. An eye-witness describes the moment as an awful one for the onlookers, who involuntarily closed their eyes. Herr Dowe, however, smiled, saying, "I feel nothing." A second shot was fired at his heart with the same effect. The exciting spectacle ended with quick-firing at a horse covered with this bullet-proof cloth. The animal went on eating, and only started now and then at the report.

Before Herr Dowe's experiments two expert shots gave some terrifying examples of their skill. One of them screwed a rifle fast, and pointed it at an egg suspended about forty paces off. He then went and placed his head under the egg, and made the rifle go off by firing at the trigger with another rifle which he held in his hand. The same man was then placed in a wooden frame which fitted close to his body, the edges being hung with plaster eggs. His companion then fired with a magazine rifle at the eggs which hung close to his eyes, cheeks, etc. Finally, he cut an egg off the other's head at a distance of a hundred paces, and then two eggs at the same time with two revolvers.

## Not According to Shakespeare.

The question sometimes arises whether an actor can successfully depict one emotion while feeling another. I once saw poor John McCullough give a striking exhibition of his ability to do this. He was playing King Lear, and I occupied a seat very near the foot-lights. It afforded me exceptional opportunities to observe the play of his features and catch everything that he said.

He was rendering one of the most pathetic passages in the play, and tears—real tears—were trickling down his cheeks. The orchestra was endeavoring to enhance the pathos of the scene by playing slow music, soft and low. But McCullough's acting did not need any artificial aid. It annoyed him exceedingly. During a pause in his soliloquy, without so much as a shadow of a change taking place in the expression of heart-rending sorrow and misery stamped on his face, he said, and it seemed to me that he didn't move his lips to say it:

"Stop that d—d fiddling!"

His voice couldn't be heard except by a few who were immediately in front of him. The leader of the orchestra heard it, and a look of pained surprise came into his face, but he stopped the "fiddling" at once.

The great mass of those who filled the theater and soon broke forth into thunders of applause had not the faintest suspicion that while McCullough had touched their hearts to the quick by his superb portrayal of the old king's grief and misery, he had really been madder than a hornet.—*New York Herald.*

It is odd but true that one can best judge of woman's carriage when she is walking.

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## Music.

**T**HE dinner of the Canadian Society of Musicians at Harry Webb's parlors on Thursday evening of last week brought together a representative body of professional musicians, musical amateurs and members of the music trades from different parts of Ontario. In point of numbers this inaugural dinner of the Society may be considered to have been a decided success, and if the fraternal spirit which seemed to govern the proceedings can be regarded as an indication of the wholesome influence which future similar gatherings might exert, it is hoped that the experiment of last week may develop into an annual fixture. With very few exceptions every local musician of prominence was present. Leading representatives of the profession from Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph and other points also by their presence gave practical expression of their sympathy with the movement. Letters of regret were received from prominent musicians and amateurs in Toronto, Montreal, London and elsewhere, who were unavoidably prevented from being present, all embodying expressions of approval of the laudable purpose of the dinner committee as indicated in the circular letter announcing the event. The after-dinner speeches proved that the ability to speak eloquently, forcibly, and yet modestly, was not altogether foreign to the musical temperament. In proposing the health of Her Majesty, the president, Mr. A. S. Vogt, intimated that the toast was of special significance to the musical profession in view of the valuable services rendered the cause of music in England and elsewhere by the Royal Family. The toast of the Canadian Society of Musicians was responded to in fitting terms by the two past presidents present, Messrs. Edward Fisher and J. W. F. Harrison. The future of our Society was dealt with by the president and Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, the latter giving much valuable information concerning the methods and purposes of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, England, of which he was a former officer. The development of music in Canada was responded to in appropriate terms by Messrs. F. H. Torrington, H. M. Field, W. O. Forsyth, J. D. A. Tripp, and Mr. Fenwick of Guelph. Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton in replying to the toast of The Musical Future of Canada, dwelt eloquently upon the work of the private teacher as the most important factor in developing musical taste among our people. Next to the influence of capable individual instructors he placed that of our musical societies. Mr. Aldous was followed in bright speeches by Messrs. J. E. Jacques and Frederick Rogers of Brantford and Mr. V. P. Hunt.

The toast of The Ladies brought forth a most excellent and graceful speech from Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, who referred to the presence of so goodly a proportion of ladies as an indication of the honored position held by women in the musical profession. While other professions or callings, into which women, as it were, entered by stealth, excluded ladies from their banquet festivals or relegated them to the galleries, in music woman was recognized and respected as an indispensable and active factor, notwithstanding the reproach to which constant attention was being drawn that in the sphere of composition the sterner sex held undisputed sway. An appropriate recitation by Mr. H. N. Shaw, also in response to this toast, was given with good effect and was much appreciated. Mr. Thomas Littlehales of Hamilton spoke to the toast of Our Musical Amateurs and offered several valuable suggestions as to the future welfare of the Society, making a happy allusion to the presence and function of the music trades and amateurs as the cement, so to speak, for the good feeling which should exist among professional musicians. The name of Mr. Thomas Aikenhead was also coupled with this toast. Eloquent speeches were made by Messrs. A. Nordheimer, R. Gourlay and G. C. Royce in response to The Music Trades, several suggestions being advanced which I hope to touch upon in this column at an early date. The toast of The Press and a vote of thanks to the dinner committee concluded the evening's proceedings, the influence of which it is hoped may prove beneficial to the welfare of the Society and of some service to the cause of music in our country. Special mention should be made of the untiring efforts of Miss Denzil, Secretary of the society, in arranging the details of this inaugural dinner and otherwise contributing to its success.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger's organ recital in St. Luke's church on Wednesday evening of last week attracted a large audience of organists and music-lovers generally. Mr. Anger's programme, which was of a comprehensive character, embraced the following compositions:

Sonata in F minor..... Mendelssohn  
Fantasia on "O Sanctissima"..... Lux  
Cantata in A minor..... Orison  
Torchlight March..... Gullmant  
Fugue in G minor (Bk. II, No. 4)..... J. S. Bach  
A Pastorale..... from the Second Symphony..... Widor  
Air with variations and finale (ragtime)..... Smart  
Overture in E minor..... Morand  
In the performance of these numbers Mr. Anger displayed a large technique, broad style and an artistic conception of the beauties of the music rendered. Particularly excellent was his interpretation of the Mendelssohn Sonata No. 1, and Bach's great Fugue in G minor. The programme was varied through several vocal selections by Miss Mabel L. Langstaff and Mr. J. Hamerly Wilson, who sang respectively a solo number and also joined in Bennett's duet, Remember now thy Creator. I understand that Mr. Anger purposes giving further recitals at convenient intervals, an intimation which will be received with pleasure by lovers of organ music in Toronto.

Every day now marks an appreciable advance towards the completion of the Massey Music Hall. Fears that were expressed a month or so ago regarding its being ready in time for a spring festival have altogether vanished. In its construction Mr. Massey has evidently spared no means in making it comfortable and even attractive. For the purpose of cooling and ventilation in summer, the cele-

brated Sturtevant system is to be introduced. It has been found to work admirably wherever tried, and no doubt its effects will be fully appreciated in this instance. The fresh air, which is drawn from the outside, is brought into a large steel chamber in the basement, in which encasement there are many thousand feet of piping. The pipes are filled with cold water and the fresh air brought in is cooled by contact with them. Then, by means of a large fan, which is driven by a thirty-horse-power electric motor, the cold air is sent off in large galvanized iron pipes, and let into the hall at various places. The foul air will be drawn off into various ducts, and it is expected that there will be a complete change of air every five minutes. It is estimated that the interior of the hall will be at least ten degrees lower than the atmosphere outside. The festival itself is also taking on a more finished complexion, the chorus showing a great improvement. The celebrated pianist, Arthur Friedheim, has been engaged as soloist and will be heard at the Friday and Saturday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts.

The Harmony Club has made for itself a record in the successful production of comic opera which for general excellency will in many respects compare favorably with the work of any permanent musical organization in our midst. Some of the club's previous efforts, notably The Beggar Student and Farka, were most creditable performances, the singing and acting in many instances being quite worthy of professionals. As society events no musical enterprises of the season are more pronounced successes, the patronage of the club being at all times assured. While no small credit attaches to the officers of the club for the enterprise and ambition shown from year to year in arranging for the production of standard light operas, it is but just to state that the artistic triumph of the several performances of recent years may be attributed to the talent and energy of the conductor, Mr. E. W. Schuch, who has not only



The man that Schuch the baton.

The Toronto Vocal Club closed a most successful season with an At Home in McBean's Hall, Brunswick avenue and College street, on Monday evening last. This is the second season for the club and it bids fair to become one of the most successful organizations of its kind in the city. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were most satisfactory and showed the club to be healthy financially and otherwise prosperous. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. president, L. J. Clarke; president, W. E. Orr; conductor, W. J. McNally; secretary, J. S. McCullough; treasurer, J. R. Matthews.

The Sims Richards family recently gave an entertainment in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Montreal, in aid of the General Hospital fund of that city. His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen and Sir Donald Smith were among the fashionable audience present, the latter opening the proceedings with a few appropriate remarks. A Montreal paper in referring to the event says: "The Sims-Richards family, who have long since earned a reputation, again gained laurels by the excellence of the programme, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were privileged to be present."

Miss Jardine-Thomson as Nanon, hostess of the Golden Lamb, and maid.

given proof of ability to successfully direct the music, but has furthermore, by the admirable work of his pupils, demonstrated his skill as a specialist in all the details of voice culture. The opera, Nanon, chosen for this season's work and of which performances are being given this week, is one of the most popular creations in the repertoire of modern comic operas. It is by far Genée's greatest work and possesses all the qualities which go to make up a successful work of this kind. The music is clever, bright and tuneful, while the text abounds in the most amusing situations, well calculated to test the histrionic ability of the principals. As in seasons past, the singers are principally composed of local talent, for the most part advanced pupils of Mr. Schuch. Such names as Misses Jardine-Thomson, Lilli Kleiser, Maud Beach, Jaffray, Parkyn, Edith Howard,



Miss Edith Howard as Bombardine, captain of the drummers.

Hope, and Messrs. Kirk, Baker and others among the cast should prove sufficient guarantee that this season's undertaking will not detract in the slightest degree from the laurels already won by the Harmony Club on former occasions. The initial performance of Nanon having taken place too late for critical mention in this column this week, further reference to the event will be made in next issue.

The concluding performances will be given this afternoon and evening.

The Galt Philharmonic Society gave their last concert of this season on Friday evening of last week, when Handel's oratorio, Samson, was produced under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson of Toronto, by a chorus of one hundred and twenty-five voices, supported by an orchestra of thirty-five. Following is a list of the solo artists: Samson, Mr. Fred Jenkins of Cleveland; Micah, Miss Jennie Mann of Hamilton; Manoah, Mr. Fred Lee of Toronto; Delilah, Miss Smart of Toronto; Harapha, Mr. Edwin Skedden of Hamilton; Israelitish Messenger, Mr. Adam Dockray of Toronto; Israelitish Woman, Miss Smart. Mrs. Drescher-Adamson led the orchestra. The performance was most creditable to all concerned, the work of both chorus and orchestra giving evidence of thorough training throughout at the hands of the talented young conductor, whose control of the forces under his baton was at all times admirable. The soloists, without exception, acquitted themselves well, while Mrs. Adamson as concertmeister proved a host in herself. Mr. Jenkins as Samson sang his part in a very artistic manner and received a genuine ovation. The part of organist was very satisfactorily filled by Mr. Strong, Jr. This last, and perhaps most important, concert of the Galt Society will without doubt prove an inspiration for further effort of a similar character in the future. The remarkably successful record of this young organization during its two seasons of active work is an indication of what might be accomplished in the smaller cities of Ontario under similar circumstances.

The music classes at the Young Women's Christian Guild gave a very successful concert on Monday evening last under the direction of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, music director of that thriving institution. The programme consisted of choruses, solos, recitations and orchestral selections, the last mentioned being performed by the orchestra of young ladies associated with the Guild. Particularly pleasing was the singing by the chorus of the choral arrangement of Sullivan's Last Chord. The director, Mr. Fletcher, some days previous to the concert was presented by his class with a handsome easy chair as a mark of personal esteem and appreciation of the care bestowed by him in their training.

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Mr. Theodore Thomas, the eminent conductor, is arranging for a series of concerts to be given in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next season. His friends have been working most energetically to place the enterprise upon a firm basis and are said to have succeeded. This does not mean that Mr. Thomas will give up his Chicago concerts, but that his orchestra will concertize in both cities.

Miss Maud Snarr, the popular young soprano, sang in Milton on Monday evening of last week at a concert given by piano pupils of Miss Cowley, and was most cordially received by the large audience present, being repeatedly encored. Miss Snarr's numbers were Schleifarth's Merry I Roam and De Koven's Die Lilie.

Mr. Edgar R. Doward, for the past eight years organist of the Church of the Ascension, has resigned his position, resignation to take effect on August 1. The choir of the Church of the Ascension, under Mr. Doward's direction, has earned a reputation for general excellence which is a standing tribute to his qualifications in this sphere of work.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's eighth and last organ recital for this season will be given this afternoon at four o'clock in All Saints' church. The programme selected is an admirable one and contains several numbers not previously heard in Toronto.

The Ladies' Choral Club, under Miss Hillary's direction, gave their annual concert in Association Hall on Monday evening last before a large and fashionable audience. The programme of selections for this season's work was strictly classical, and in the demands made upon the singers of exceptional difficulty. It speaks well for the perseverance of the members of the club and the energy and musicianship of Miss Hillary that the performance was worthy of the past record of the organization. From an educational point of view the production of such a work as Pergolesi's Stabat Mater entitles Miss Hillary to the gratitude of our musical public. In this exacting work, as also in the numbers of Spohr, Brahms and Mendelssohn, the quality of tone developed by the chorus at all times was excellent. The vocal soloists were: Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Hillary, Mrs. Pringle, Miss Beach and Miss Hutchinson. Miss Beach particularly distinguished herself, singing with admirable intonation and refined style throughout. Miss Hillary as usual sang very artistically and was enthusiastically received. The Ladies' String Quartette, which assisted, played Mendelssohn's Canonetta, op. 17, and Haydn's Emperor's Hymn with variations.

This quartette improves with each appearance. The Emperor's Hymn, barring a slight tendency to drag on the part of the first violin, was a most admirable performance. Miss Grassick's violin solos were a feature of the concert. In Svendsen's Romance she played with much grace and breadth of style, developing a tone of charming sweetness and purity. Equally successful was her performance of Bohm's quaint gavotte, a dainty composition demanding specially refined treatment. All the solo artists were presented with floral offerings.

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**SIG. D. MARCICANO**, one of the leaders of Marcolano & D'Almeida's Italian Orchestra, having left the city, notice is hereby given that the said orchestra will be carried on by exactly the same performers under the name and sign of D. D'Almeida. The friends of the orchestra will kindly note that Sig. Marcolano no longer lives at 249 Chestnut St., and that orders will be taken at 35 Agnes Street, Toronto.

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# Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Croll leave for England shortly. I am sorry to hear that the trip is necessary for the benefit of Mr. Croll's health and hope it may quite restore him.

Mrs. Crowley of St. George street will shortly cross the Atlantic. Mrs. Crowley will remain abroad all summer.

Miss Rowan of Winnipeg will also take the trip across the herring pond. I believe she and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong have arranged to cross in company.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne leave for Europe very soon. This afternoon Mrs. Osborne gives a large tea, which will probably be in the nature of a farewell reception, at the lovely home on Clover Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolier H. Stearns (nee Miss Clara Christie) of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, will spend the summer months in Toronto and will shortly arrive.

Mrs. J. Hardwell of Sussex avenue and her son have returned from a visit to New Orleans and Chicago.

A quiet, pretty wedding took place in Brampton on Wednesday evening of last week at the residence of Mr. W. S. Williamson, when his youngest daughter, Caro, was married to Mr. T. E. Robertson of Toronto. Rev. M. L. Pearson of Grace church, Brampton, performed the ceremony, and Mr. W. E. M. Powell of Toronto acted as groomsmen. The bride wore a rich gown of white tulle with veil and natural flowers. Miss Edith Toye and Miss Edith Scott of Toronto and Miss McKenna as bridesmaids wore dainty gowns of white crepon, trimmed with insertion and lace, and carried white carnations. The rooms were profusely decorated with palms and ferns and masses of white bloom. While the wedding supper was in progress the town band, which had come to do honor to the young couple, discoursed music upon the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson left on the evening train for their new home, No. 7 Elm grove, Parkdale, where Mrs. Robertson will receive her friends on May 8 and 9.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday evening last at the residence of Mrs. C. A. Bender, 100 John street, when her daughter, Ida Adele, was married to Mr. Harry Wright, of the firm of Wright & Copp. The bridesmaid was Miss Lottie Bender, sister

## Massey Music Hall Festival

JUNE 14, 15 and 16

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

SOLOISTS:

Miss Emma Juch - - - - - Soprano  
Miss Lillian Blain - - - - - Sop'ano  
Miss Clara F. P. King - - - - - Contralto  
Mr. W. H. Rieger - - - - - Tenor  
Dr. Carl M. Duff - - - - - Baritone

Mr. Arthur Friedhelm - - - - - Pianist

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Prices—35c, 50c, 75c and \$1  
Subscribers list at Nordheimer's, agents for Steinway, Chickering, Haines and Everett pianos.  
Further information may be obtained at the office of the Secretaries, Room 16, Jones' Building.

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NOTICE

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Toronto Athletic Club (Limited) will be held at the Head Office of the Club, College Avenue, Toronto, on

Monday, the Twenty-First Day of May, 1894

at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, to receive the report and financial statement of the Directors for the past year, to elect Directors for the ensuing year and for all other general and special purposes relating to the management of the Club's affairs.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that at the said meeting it will be moved that the name be adjourned without transacting business until Monday, the 14th day of June, 1894, at the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon.

By order, O. GREVILLE HARTON,

Secretary-Treasurer.

# Carpet Prices

They are usually low, out of season—and high, when most people are ready to buy new carpets. But we have led this season with prices that induce buying here in preference to anywhere. Our Axminster, Wilton, Brussels and Tapestry Carpets are all the newest patterns, direct from the best makers—all our own importations of this spring—and nowhere else are new designs shown in such profusion. The inducements of extraordinary values which we offer in Carpets are also extended to New Lace Curtains, Drapings, Rugs, Art Squares, Japanese Matting, Oilcloths and Linoleums. Our large, bright showrooms are brilliant with beautiful new home furnishings, and buyers are fully pleased with our prices.

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of the bride, and little Miss Gladys Platten of New York, her niece was maid of honor. Mr. Tilly was the groomsmen. Of course it is not necessary to say that the bride, bridesmaid and the little lady-in-waiting, looked lovely. The happy couple took the eleven p.m. train for Detroit, Chicago and other western points.

### LADIES' FOOTWEAR

We keep the latest shapes in Ladies and Children's Shoes and Slippers. Our new spring stock is complete in all sizes and widths, and perfect fit is assured in any style of shoe or kind of leather desired. L. A. STACKHOUSE.

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Board and instruction \$900, for each term, consisting of ten months residence.  
For further information apply to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, before 15th May.

Department of Militia and Defence, 1891.

### IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. and a bonus of one per cent. upon the capital stock of this institution has this day been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after

FRIDAY, 1st JUNE NEXT

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.  
The annual general meeting of the shareholders for the election of directors for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House in this city on Wednesday, the 20th June next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

By order of the Board. D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

Toronto, 26th April, 1894

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#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Charles Riordan gave a large and elegant dinner on Tuesday evening to about a score of friends.

Mrs. J. K. Macdonald of Charles street gave an afternoon tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue gave a tea last Saturday.

Mrs. Blackwood of Dunbar road gave a very pleasant evening on Wednesday.

I have been very sorry to hear of the indisposition of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, whose temporary seclusion has had the effect upon society of making everyone anxious for her reappearance in social ranks, and has heightened their interest in her well-being. Probably the anxiety consequent upon the illness of her only child, whose health has been far from robust, has combined with the loss of her beloved mother to affect the Lady of Government House. Let us hope that the bright little Eric and his charming mother may soon be quite restored to health.

The Bishop of Algoma returned from Denver on Thursday and left later on for the Sault.

Mr. Alfred Whitehead will take up fruit farming in Niagara this summer.

Mr. Gerald Pegley has gone on the stage, and is now having great success with a well known opera company now playing in Pennsylvania.

#### Paying for Their Keep.

The proprietor of a chemical works received from his shoemaker a pair of water-tight boots, which he was, however, unable to wear, as they were a trifle too small. He therefore gave them to one of his workmen to wear for a few days and stretch them to the required dimensions. Several weeks passed over, and the employer had forgotten all about the boots, when he was suddenly reminded of them in a curious fashion: On a certain payday, the workman in question, after drawing his wages, lingered at the desk as if waiting for something. The manufacturer then said: "Well, Kruger, what is it?" "I want more money!" was the reply. "What-what! Haven't you got your full wages?" "Oh! ay," answered Kruger; afterwards adding, with the greatest composure, "But you've still got to pay me \$5.00 for getting your boots soled. They've been out of repair, you know!"—*Humoristische Blätter.*

#### Well Baptized.

A San Franciscan, traveling through Central America with his wife and young babe, rented furnished apartments in Guatemala, and engaged a servant to act as nurse and general house-maid. She had been in their service less than a week, when she enquired of the father if the babe were baptized. He replied in the negative, whereupon she insisted that the child, a girl, would be forever lost. The gentleman, who believed not at all in the necessity of baptism, laughed at her fears and the matter was dropped. Within six weeks he had tried four consecutive servants, but found that each one would pilfer small articles, and finally determined to get along without any help. One afternoon, while sauntering lazily through the plaza, he was accosted by servant number one, who asked if the babe was yet baptized. "No," replied the father; "still unbaptized." "Well," she answered, "it is all right,

## The Latest New York Styles...

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### HATS SUITS

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New styles in Duck and Drill in White, Porcelaine-blue and tans, at \$4.50 to \$8; Navy and Black Serge, \$9.50 to \$15; Covert Cloth, \$12, \$15 to \$25.

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as I stole her away one Sunday and the good padre baptized her, calling her 'Mary,' so her soul will be saved." "As it cannot hurt her, and may help her, I am satisfied," thought the parent, and so dismissed the subject from his mind. The next day servant number two, with a new charge bundled in the linen swath on her back, approached him at the market-place with the oft-repeated query: "Did you have the baby baptized?" and to his reply of "No," she consoled him by explaining that she had taken the little one to the cathedral and had it named "Catarina," so her soul was saved a second time. Somewhat amused, the father hunted up and interviewed the succeeding servants, and discovered that the babe had been stolen to the church by each of them and quietly baptized, the last two naming it respectively "Margarita Cruz" and "Eloisa Refugio." Consequently the name ran, "Maria Catarina Margarita Cruz Eloisa Refugio," besides that of "Emily," given by the parents. That baby ought to get to heaven if there is any virtue in quadruplex baptism.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

#### Macaulay's Mind.

Lord Macaulay on one occasion repeated to himself the whole of Paradise Lost while crossing the Irish Channel.

At another time, while waiting in a Cambridge coffee-house for a post-chaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one The Reflections of An Exile and the other A Parody on a Welsh Ballad—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word.

Macaulay's mind, someone said, was like a dredging net, which took up all that it encountered, both good and bad, nor ever seemed to feel the burden. Very much unlike a dredge-net, and more like a strainer, are the minds of some other persons, who carefully select what they will retain or who have a natural facility

for remembering special classes of facts—George Bidder for figures, Sir Walter Scott for verses, and Mezzofanti for languages.

Sir Walter Scott, quoting the old Borderer who had no command of his memory and only retained what hit his fancy, says that his own memory was of precisely the same kind. It seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a border raid ballad, "but names, dates, and other technicalities of history escaped me," he says, "in a most melancholy degree."—*Interior.*

#### Not His Fault.

The wind was blowing a gale and the rain was pattering against the window panes at the home of a prominent Camden physician. The clock had just tolled the hour past midnight, when the physician was aroused by the ringing of the door bell. He jumped out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, went to the window, raised the sash and saw a man muffled to the ears standing on his front steps. He asked: "What do you want at this late hour?" "I am Mr. Carr," was the answer. "Well, go home. I am not responsible if you did miss a car. Why did you stay out so late?" The window went down with a bang and the doctor went back to bed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Jebb, the renowned Optical Specialist (formerly of New York), and inventor of the *Recherche* Optometer, for pointing out every disease and defect of the eye and sight, will be at The J. K. Ellis Co., (limited), 3 King street east, from May 7 to 10. The first and only optician in Canada making the grinding and fitting of complicated lenses for the eye a specialty. Cures granulation and inflammation of the lids, long-standing headache, supposed neuralgia and straightens cross-eye without an operation. Consultation and examination of the eye and sight free of charge.

Mrs. Cumso—That Mrs. Snooper asks everybody if her hat is on straight.  
Mrs. Cawker—Yes. It cost fifty-five dollars.—*Puck.*

## PATTI...

In ordering one of our instruments Mme. Patti but acknowledged the fact which the Canadian musical public had discovered long before—that the Mason & Risch Instruments (whether Pianos or Organs) possess that wonderful purity of tone which particularly fits them to accompany the human voice.

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Sheppard, pastor of the Disciples Church, aged 72. The internment occurred at Dorchester on Thursday, May 5.  
COULTER—April 27, Norman F. Coulter, aged 5.  
LEGGE—April 27, Mary H. Legge.  
MORPHY—April 27, John Morphy, aged 80.  
MCDONALD—April 27, Frank J. McDonald, aged 31.  
NICK—April 27, Minard Nick, aged 45.  
NICHOLSON—April 27, Elizabeth Nicholson, aged 35.  
RUTAN—April 19, Charles Stuart Rutan, aged 68.  
ALLAN—April 26, Jessie Louise Allan, aged 19.  
BULL—April 26, Dr. Edward Bull, aged 70.  
MALLOCH—April 25, F. S. Malloch, aged 55.  
MARTIN—At Canoga, Sarah Martin.  
REAL—April 25, Beattie Seymour Real, aged 28.  
MACKLEM—April 25, Clara Louise Macklem, an infant.  
BLADEN—April 25, William F. H. Bladen.  
CAWSTON—At California, Mary Cawston.  
CRICHTON—April 25, Martha Crichton.  
MUCKLE—April 25, Jane Muckle.  
POPHAM—April 25, Sarah Emily Popham, aged 28.  
GARNHAM—April 25, W. G. W. Garnham, aged 30.  
IDYLL—April 25, Jane Idyll.  
STEVENSON—At Brantford, Douglas Stevenson, aged 67.  
PATTERSON—May 1, William G. Patterson, aged 22.

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Throughout America, British Isles and European Continent, by any route required. Personally conducted or independent tours as passengers may elect.  
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For Southampton, Shortest and most convenient route to London. No transfer by tender. No tidal delays. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris by special fast twin screw Channel steamers.  
New York, May 9, 5 a.m. Berlin, May 23, 9 a.m.  
Paris, May 16, 3 p.m. New York, May 30, 1 p.m.  
RED STAR LINE  
Nordland, Wednesday, May 9, 8.30 a.m.  
Wassland, Wednesday, May 16, 3.30 p.m.  
Intern'l Nav. Co. & Steaming direct, New York  
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SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON & CONTINENT  
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Messrs. A. & S. NORDHEIMER offer at much reduced prices for this month a large number of superior Upright and Cabinet Grand Pianos of their own MANUFACTURE, recently returned from hire during the winter months, many of which are as good as new. Also a number of splendid second-hand Pianos by Steinway, Chickering, Haines, Gables, etc. ALL AT GREAT REDUCTIONS FROM REGULAR PRICES.  
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## Clean Carpets

Carpets should be cleaned at least once each year, and now is THE TIME. When done by our Hygienic process, will look better and last longer than by any other. We do work for the best families in the city, and have hundreds of testimonials.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY  
Dealers in Furniture and Carpets  
Tel. 1057. 160 Queen St. West

## CHINA HALL

We Expect to Move Next Week

### Wedding Gifts

A choice selection of FRENCH CHINA just opened, which will be offered with other goods at a special discount until we move.

#### JUNOR & IRVING

Tel. 2177 109 King St. West

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.  
SALLEY—Montreal, Mrs. Edward Salley—a daughter.  
MCINTOSH—April 18, Mrs. Thomas McIntosh—a daughter.  
BUCK—April 20, Mrs. W. H. Buck—a daughter.  
PERRY—April 20, Mrs. Edward Perry—a son.  
BAKER—Lindsay, Mrs. A. W. Baker—a son.  
HEARN—April 20, Mrs. E. J. Hearn—a daughter.  
WARREN—April 23, Mrs. Warren—twin sons, still born.  
SAUNDERS—April 25, Mrs. Dyce Saunders—a daughter.  
BRYDON—Collingwood, Mrs. James Brydon—a son.

MARRIAGES.  
WRIGHT—WESTON—At East Orange, N.J., on April 25, 1894, William B. Wright to Ada, daughter of the late Charles W. Weston, both of Toronto.  
HERON—HARVEY—April 28, William S. Heron to Ada Harvey.  
SHEPPARD—LEACOCK—April 26, Harry E. Sheppard to Agnes A. Leacock.  
ASH—MITCHELL—April 25, William Ash to Jane Mitchell.  
STUART—TAYLOR—April 25, Wingfield Scott Stuart to Edith Maud Taylor.  
SCOTT—MOOTE—April 30, Francis J. Scott to Kathleen Moote.  
WONHAM—PARKER—April 28, Hugh W. Wonham to Frances D. Parker.  
MCLEAN—DYAS—May 2, Hugh C. McLean to Beale Dyas.

#### Deaths.

SHEPPARD—At Rodney, Ont., on April 30, Rev. Edmund